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SEPTEMBER-1942

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VOLUME 2 • NO. 6

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79 SEVENTH AVENUE, N. Y.



The Shadow

AND THE GHOSTS OF THE MALDEN MANSE!!

ILLUSTRATED BY
JACK BINDER



LOOK, SKEET! THERE'S
MALDEN MANSE AND
ITS DEATH TOWER!

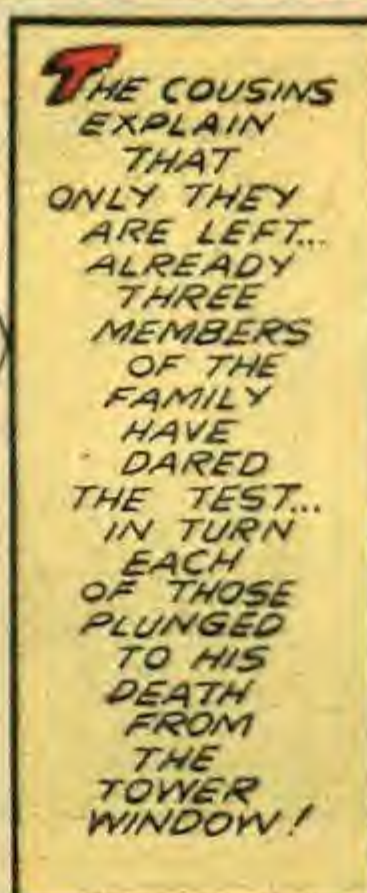
WITH THE
HAUNTED
ROOM WHERE
NO ONE HAS
EVER SLEPT
A NIGHT! IT
LOOKS WEIRD,
MARGO!



HELLO,
LAMONT.
WE'VE
COME TO
THE MANSE
AS YOU
REQUESTED.

AND WE
BROUGHT
OSCAR
WITH US,
MR.
CRANSTON.

HE LOOKS
TIRED. LET
HIM REST
A WHILE.





WHAT A LONG TRIP-- AND HOW WEIRD!

IT'S WORTH IT TO HAVE A LOOK AT THAT GHOST ROOM!



THIS IS THE HAUNTED ROOM!

ALL ITS WALLS ARE SOLID, MR. CRANSTON.

SO I'M FINDING OUT!



THAT CLOCK IS BUILT INTO THE WALL.

SO I SEE. IT KEEPS GOOD TIME FOR AN OLD CLOCK.

THIS IS THE DEATH WINDOW. ITS SILL IS VERY LOW--

NO WONDER PEOPLE FALL FROM IT! I FEEL WOOLY-- LET'S GO DOWNSTAIRS.



INVISIBLY, THE SHADOW SCALES THE SHEER WALL TO THE TOWER... WATCHING, SKEET CAN SEE NO SIGN OF THE CLOAKED CLIMBER....



ALL RIGHT, SKEET. I'M GOING UP. WATCH FOR MY SIGNAL!



WHEN I GET A BLINK FROM THAT WINDOW, OSCAR I'LL BRING YOU UP BY THE INSIDE ROUTE!

THE SHADOW GIVES THE SIGNAL....
LATER HE OPENS THE LATCHED
DOOR TO ADMIT SKEET WITH OSCAR...

A FEW MINUTES MORE...

HERE
THEY
ARE!
NOW!

WHAT A
CLIMB!

THESE ARE GOOD AND
HEAVY, SKEET. GIVE
THEM TO OSCAR. THEN
FIND A PLACE TO
HIDE.

THIS BOOK-CASE WILL
DO. I'M SMALL ENOUGH
TO SQUEEZE INTO IT.

GOOD. KEEP
CLOSE WATCH,
SKEET!

USING
SPECIAL SUCTION
CUPS THE
SHADOW
TRAVELS
DOWN
THE WALL...
AT THE GROUND
HE BECOMES
VISIBLE...
DISCARDING
HAT AND CLOAK,
HE ENTERS THE
HOUSE AS
CRANSTON.

WELL-- WHO TRIES
THE HAUNTED ROOM
TO-NIGHT? SUPPOSE
WE TOSS FOR IT,
STEVE.

OK, TOM.
I'LL TAKE
HEADS

HERE'S A COIN
STEVE, AND HERE
GOES --

AND HEADS
IT IS, STEVE!

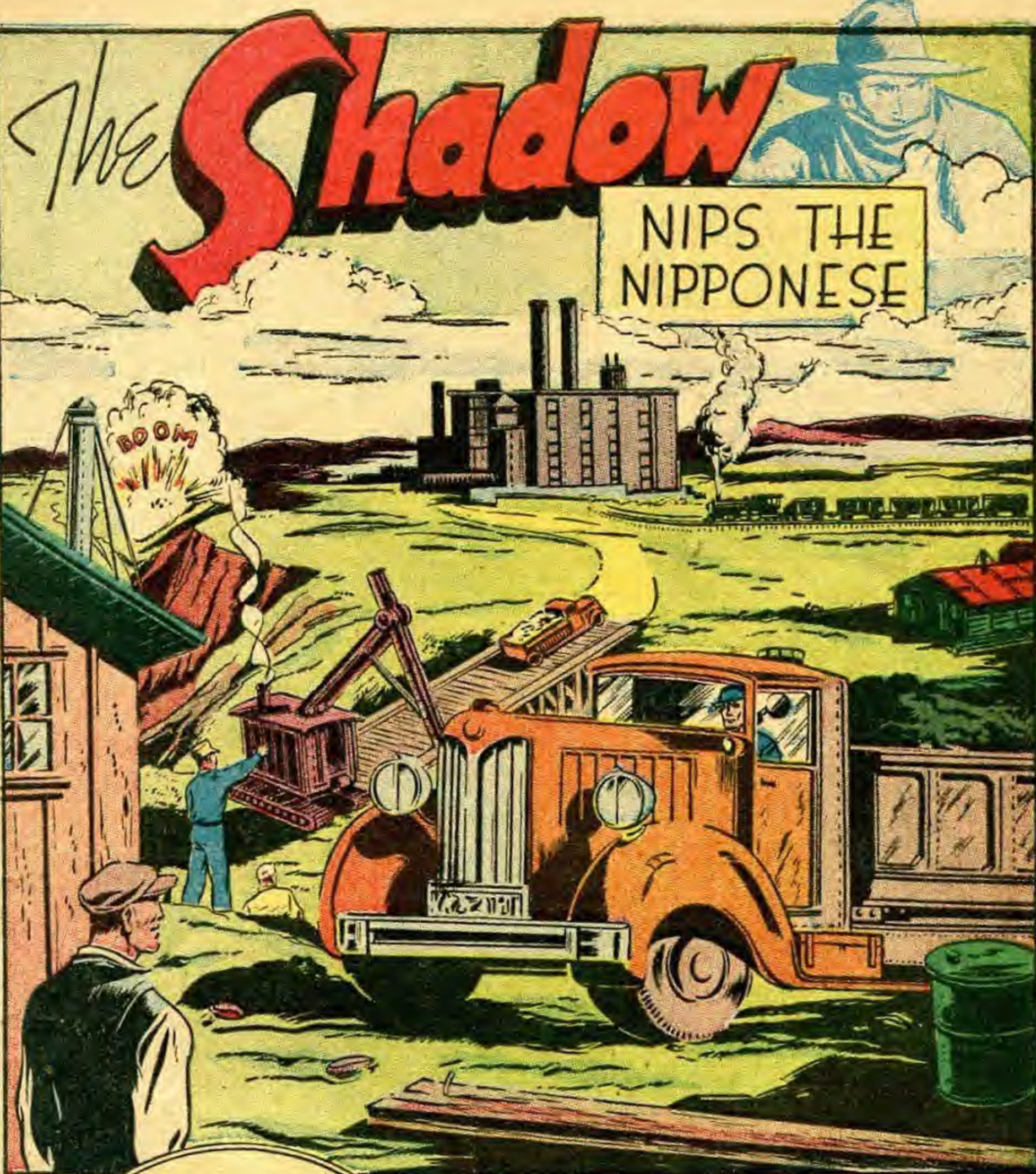
GOOD NIGHT, MISS
LANE. SEE YOU
TO-MORROW,
I HOPE!









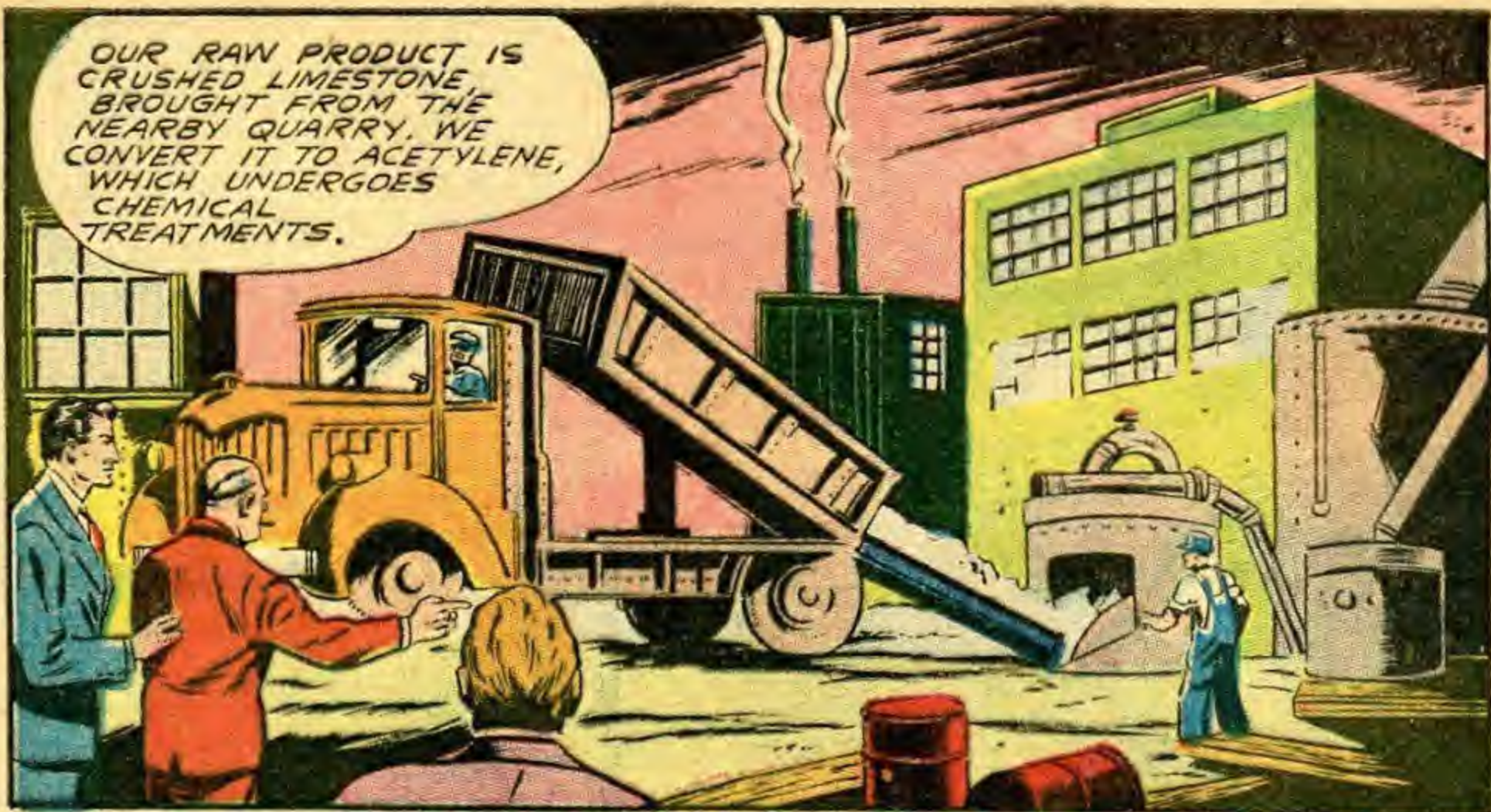


S

YNTHETIC RUBBER!!
UPON THE RAPID PRODUCTION OF THIS SUBSTANCE DEPENDS OUR NATION'S WAR EFFORT... WITH A HIDDEN THREAT LOOMING AGAINST THIS NEW BUT VITAL INDUSTRY, THE SHADOW STEPS IN TO OVERWHELM THE SECRET AGENTS WHO ATTEMPT WHOLESALE DESTRUCTION!!!

ILLUSTRATED
BY
JACK BINDER





OUR RAW PRODUCT IS CRUSHED LIMESTONE, BROUGHT FROM THE NEARBY QUARRY. WE CONVERT IT TO ACETYLENE, WHICH UNDERGOES CHEMICAL TREATMENTS.



IS THIS SYNTHETIC RUBBER?

NO, THIS IS A RESIDUE THAT FORMS A HIGH EXPLOSIVE WHEN IT JELLS. WE USE IT FOR BLASTING PURPOSES.

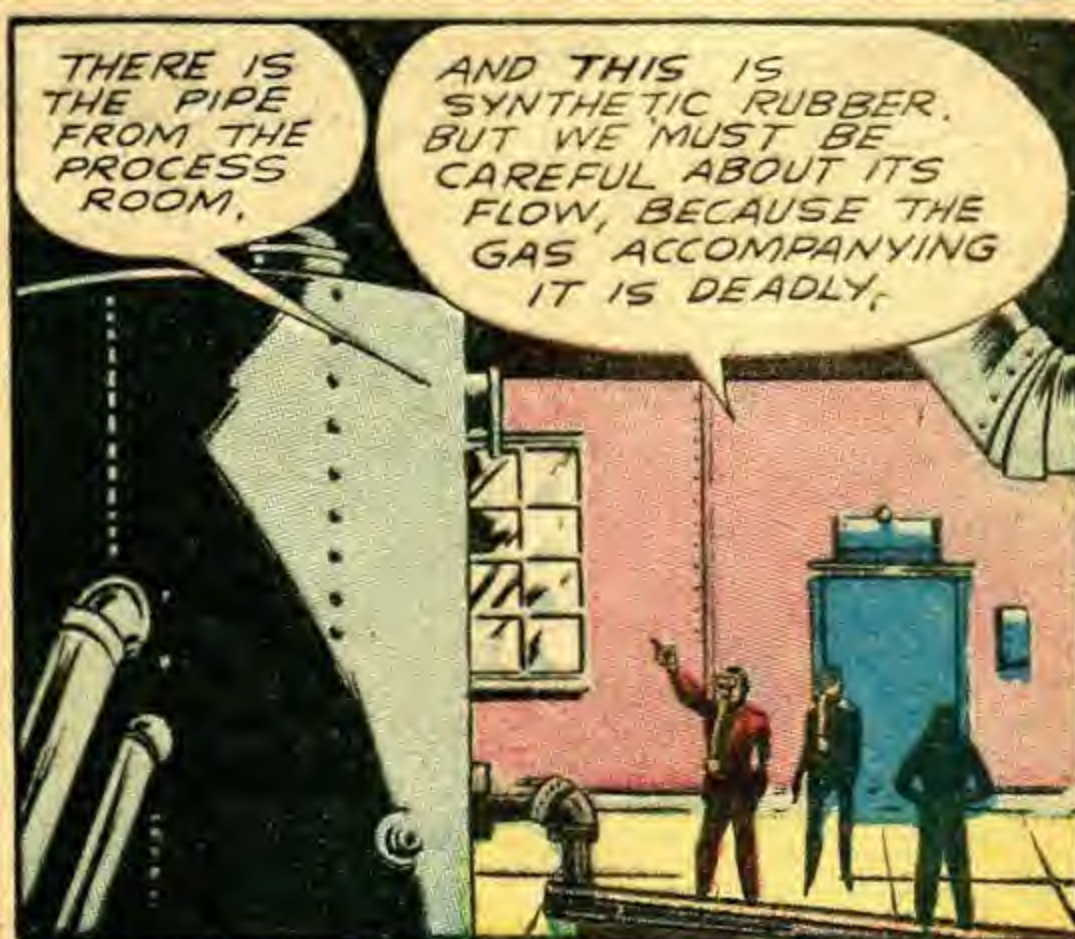
THE GAS CONTINUES ON, COME, WE SHALL SHOW YOU WHERE IT LEADS.



HERE ARE THE GAS MASKS.

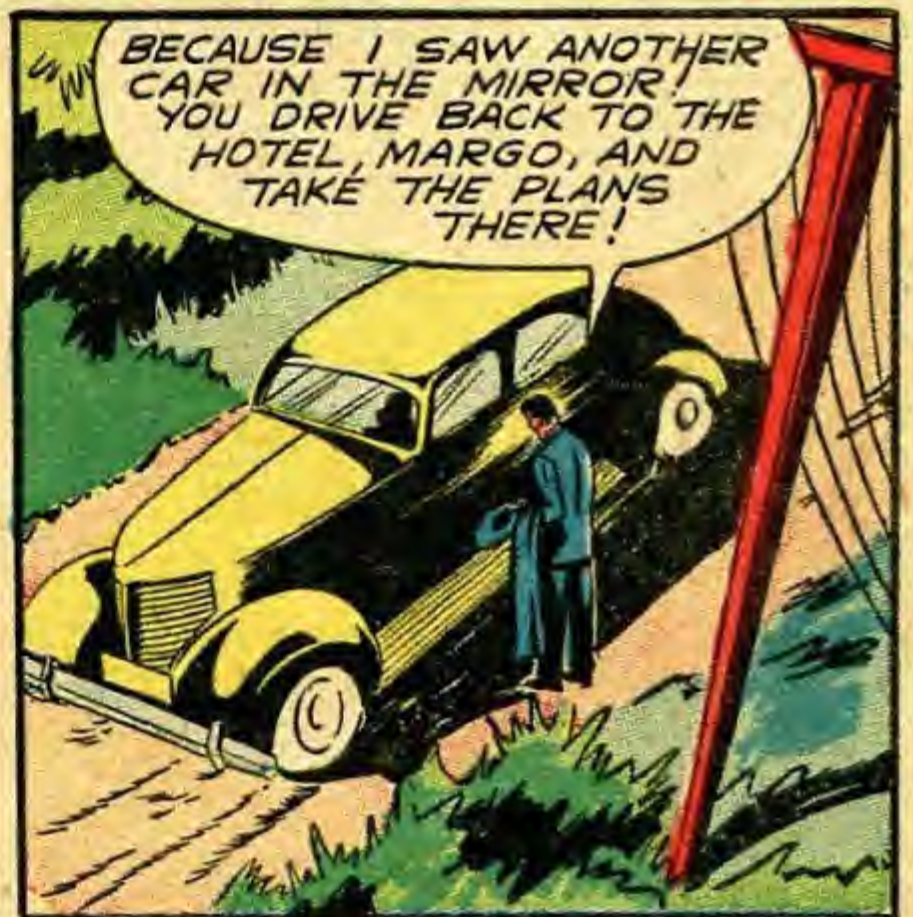
EXPLOSIVES FIRST, THEN DEADLY GAS! WHAT A PROCESS!

TANK ROOM... DANGER... HAVE GAS MASKS READY



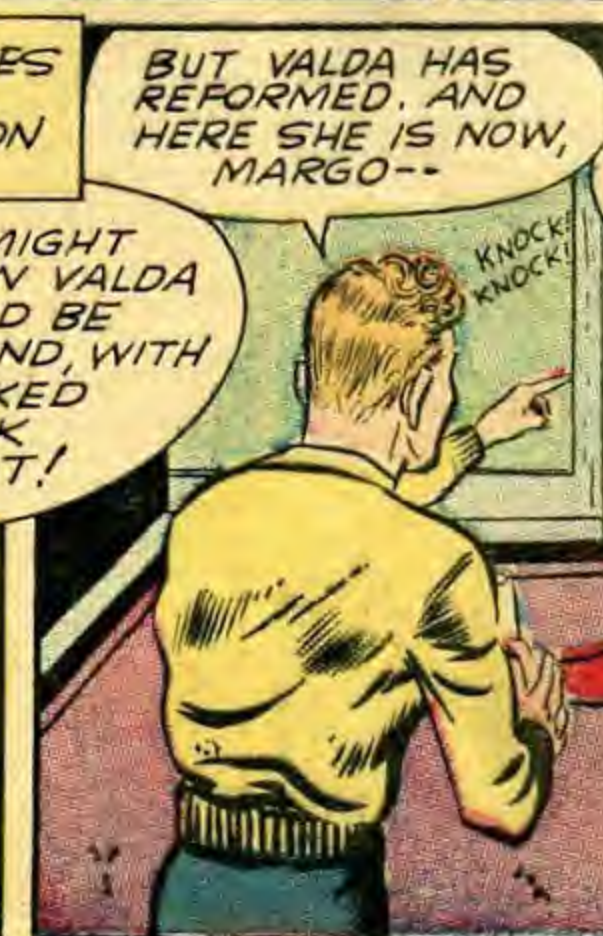
THERE IS THE PIPE FROM THE PROCESS ROOM,

AND THIS IS SYNTHETIC RUBBER. BUT WE MUST BE CAREFUL ABOUT ITS FLOW, BECAUSE THE GAS ACCOMPANYING IT IS DEADLY.





MEANWHILE, MARGO REACHES THE HOTEL, TO MEET SKEET HARLEY, WHO CAME ON THIS TRIP.....





LISTEN, MARGO! I'VE GOT TO TALK TO MR. CRANSTON--

YOU LISTEN, LADY PHONEY! I'LL SETTLE YOUR CASE BY TURNING YOU OVER TO THE LOCAL POLICE.

DOWNSTAIRS-- MARCH! SAY-- WHAT'S THIS!

THAT'S RIGHT, BOYS! GRAB HER-- AND TAKE HER TO MR. ISHI!



IF YOU'D LISTENED, I'D HAVE TOLD YOU THAT I MET ONE OF ALTHOR'S OLD FRIENDS, A JAP NAMED MR. ISHI,



HE'S AFTER THE PLANS TO THE SYNTHETIC RUBBER FACTORY. I WAS SUPPOSED TO GET THEM, BUT I INTENDED TO TIP OFF THE SHADOW INSTEAD!



I'LL DO MY BEST TO HELP YOU, IF YOU PLAY DUMB. YOUR PART OUGHT TO BE EASY.



BUT I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING

SO! I TELL YOU TO BRING PLANS-- AND YOU BRING THIS KNOW-NOTHING!

THE RECORD, MR. ISHI!

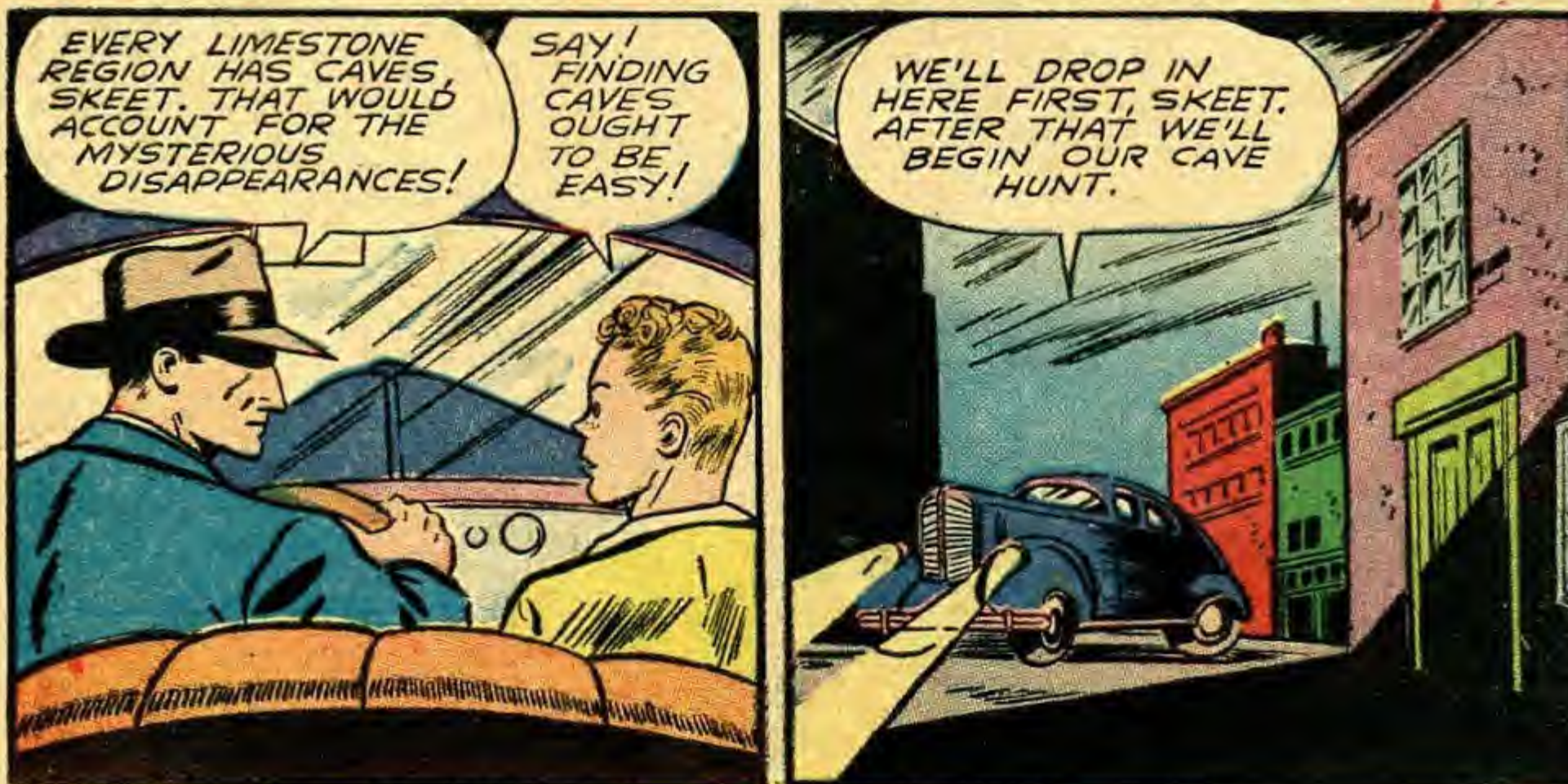
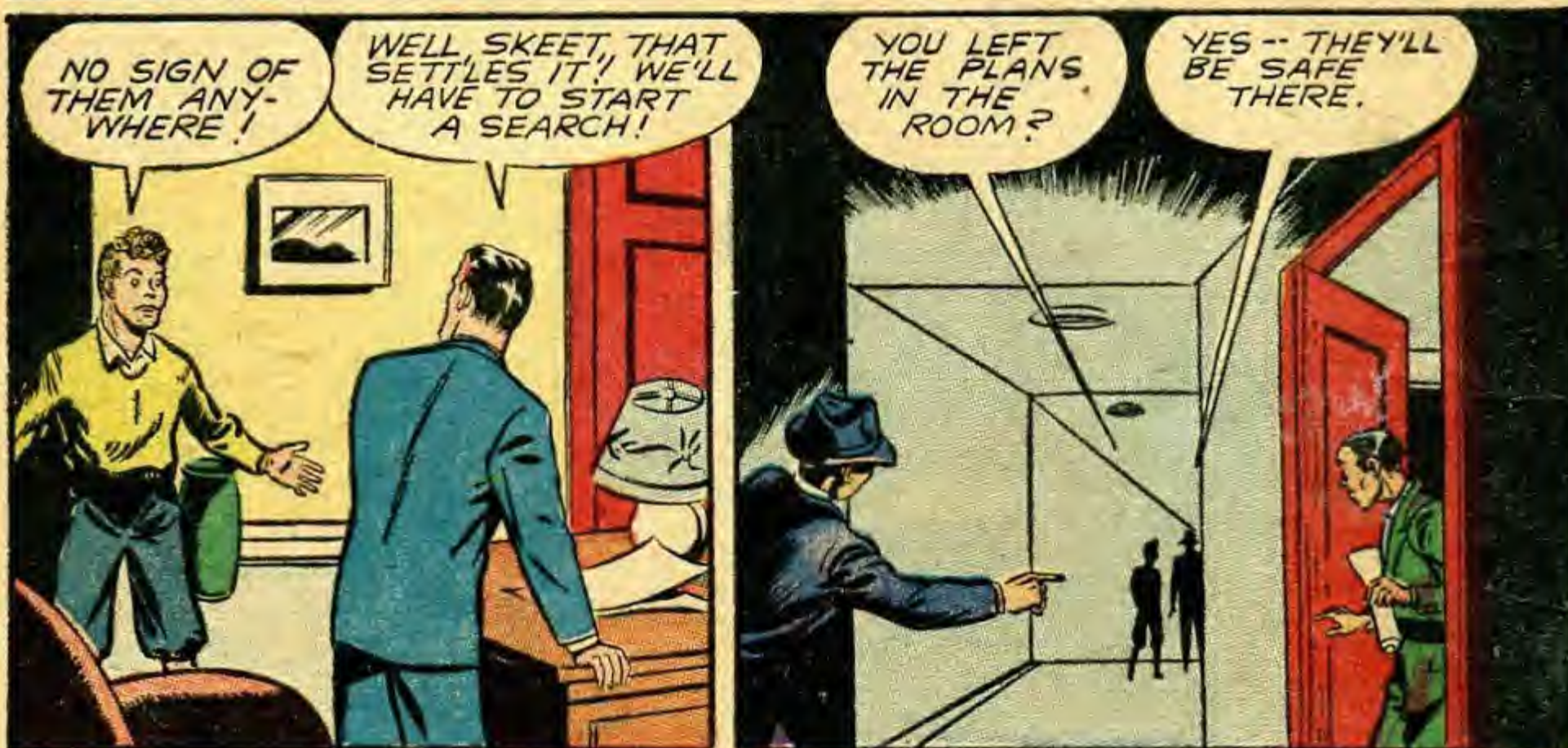
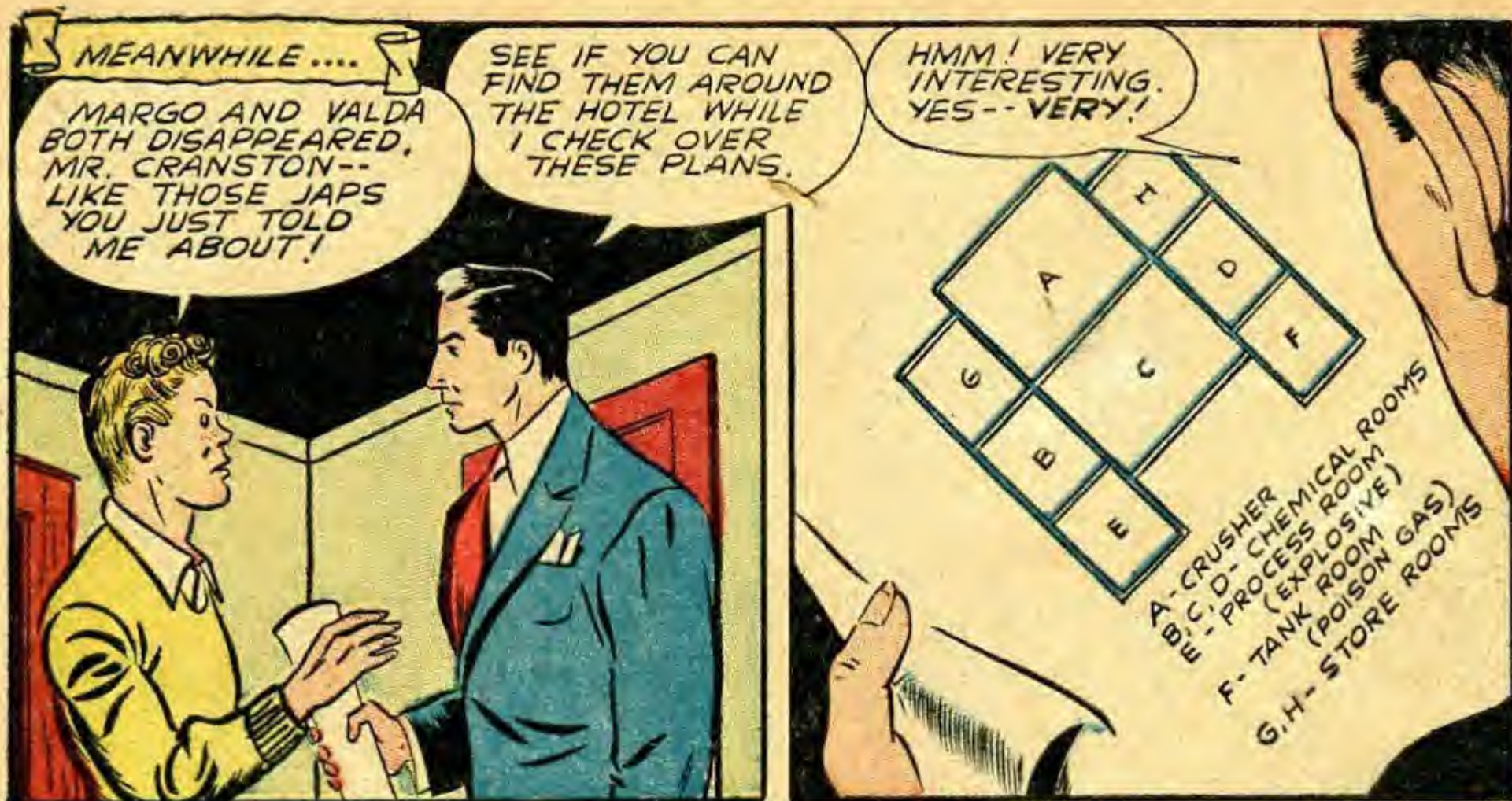
FORTUNATELY, I HAVE RECORDER IN CAR. NOW I UNDERSTAND! YOU!

VALDA'S VOICE!

I'M IN THE BOAT WITH YOU, MARGO!



I'LL DO MY BEST TO HELP YOU!





WHAT'S THAT STUFF, MR. CRANSTON?

A RESIDUE FROM THE SYNTHETIC RUBBER PROCESS. I WANT YOU TO TAKE IT WITH YOU.



TAKE IT WITH YOU AND BEGIN THE CAVE HUNT. BUT IF THE STUFF STARTS TO JELL, PARK IT, BECAUSE THEN IT WILL BE DEADLY!

O.K. MR. CRANSTON! I'LL PHONE THE HOTEL IF I HAVE LUCK!



TOJO AND HIRO BRING PLANS VERY EASY. WE GO FIX RUBBER FACTORY. AFTER WE COME BACK TO FIX YOU.



I'D LIKE TO GET MY HANDS ON THAT MR. ISHI!

I'D RATHER GET MINE ON THE GUY WHO SAID THAT BLONDES WERE DUMB!

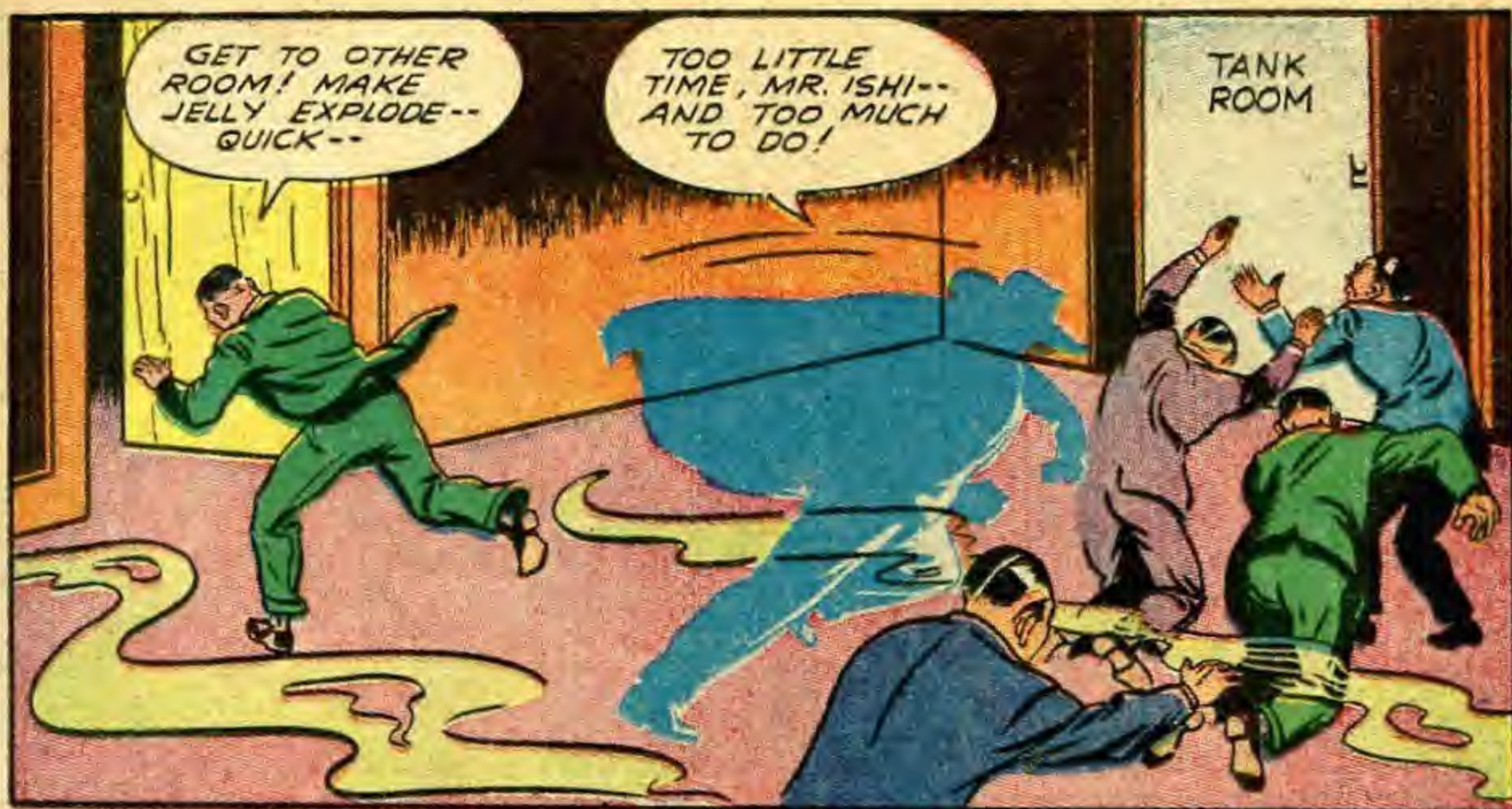


A CAVE, AT LAST! BUT FIRST I'D BETTER PARK THIS STUFF!



GUARDS! WITH MARGO AND VALDA PRISONERS BEHIND THAT DOOR, I'LL BET! I'LL HOP BACK AND REPORT!







THERE'S A COUPLE
OF JAPS DOWN THERE,
BUT I CAN'T SQUEEZE
THROUGH TO GET
AT THEM!

WHY WORRY?
THE PAIL WON'T
HAVE TO SQUEEZE
THROUGH!



THERE IT GOES--
THREE BIRDS WITH
ONE STONE!



SAY--THERE
COMES THE DOOR--
ALL AT ONCE!

AND I'LL
SAY THE
SHADOW
DID IT!

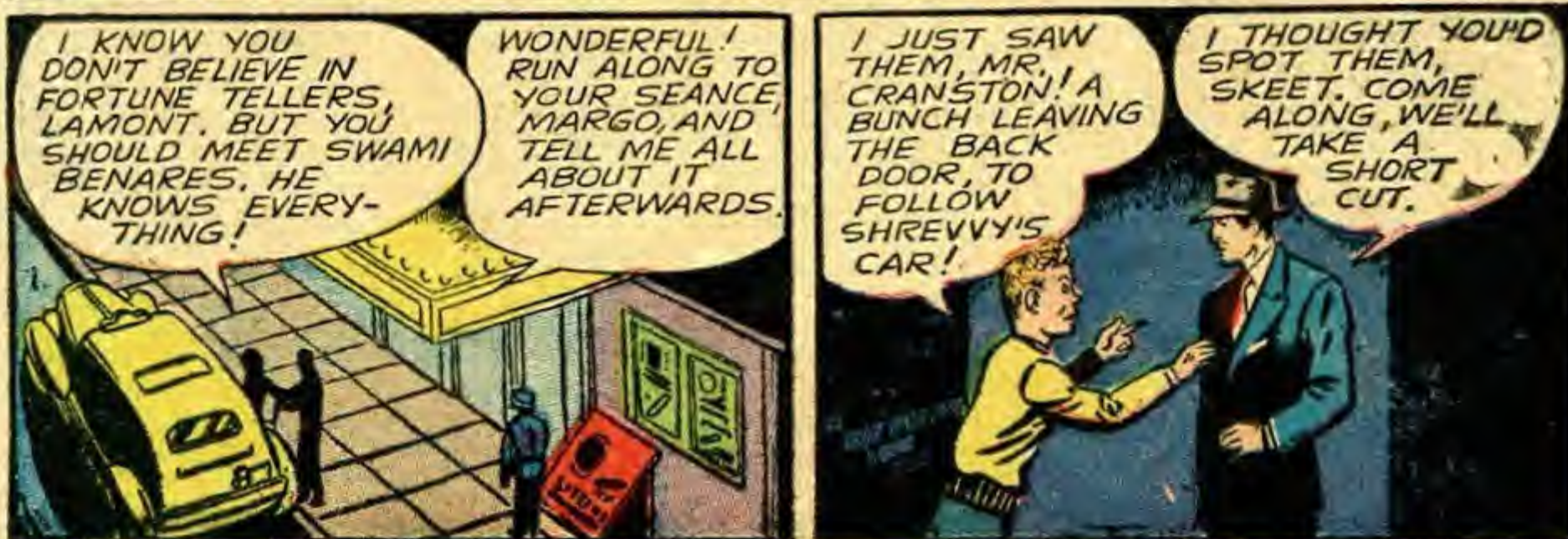


WELL, WELL! MARGO
AND VALDA! WHAT A
SURPRISE!

YOUR TELLING
US!

IT WAS THREE IN
ONE, ALL RIGHT! IT
FINISHED THE GUARDS,
BROKE OPEN THE CELL,
AND WIDENED THE
CREVICE FOR MARGO
AND VALDA TO
COME THROUGH!

THE END





SHREVVY! THIS IS THE THIRD TIME YOU'VE LOST YOUR WAY!

SORRY, MISS LANE. GUESS I'M GETTING ABSENT-MINDED.



WELL, WE'RE HERE FIRST. I TOLD SHREVVY TO STALL. WE'LL GO AROUND TO THE BACK.

WHAT A DUMP! IF THIS IS THE FRONT, THE BACK MUST BE TERRIBLE!



YOU KEEP WATCH, SKEET, WHILE I HAVE A LOOK AROUND--



AND WHEN THEY ARRIVE, CALL THE POLICE.

O.K., MR. CRANSTON.



SAY-- WHAT HAPPENED TO MR. CRANSTON? HE JUST DISAPPEARED-- AND HE COULDN'T HAVE GONE THROUGH THIS DOOR. IT'S LOCKED!



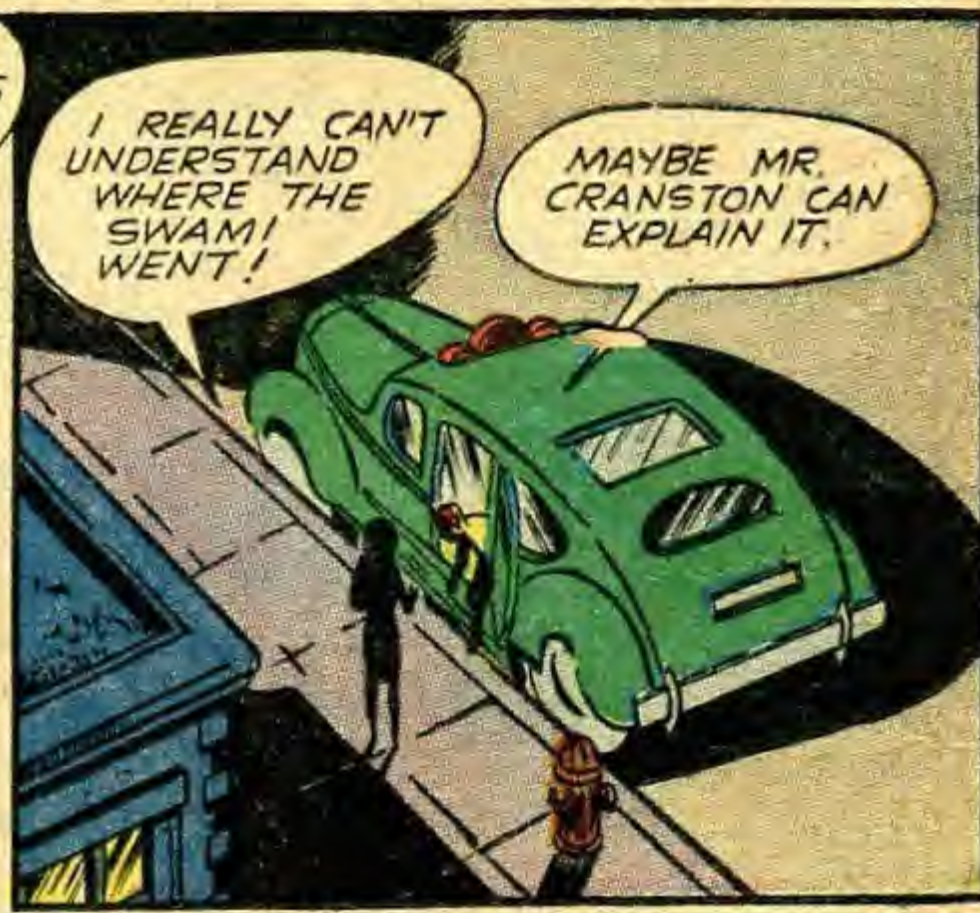
THERE SHE GOES, INTO THE SWAMI'S PLACE!

AND WHAT A PLACE TO TRAP HER!



COME ON! WE'LL SNATCH THE DAME AND LET THE SWAMI TAKE THE RAP!





INTERNATIONAL POLICE



A WAR-RAVAGED
WORLD, DROWNING IN
ITS OWN BLOOD, CRIES
"WHEN WILL IT END?...
STOP WAR FOR-
EVER!" BUT A MAD
MAN NAMED HITLER
AND HIS STOOGES
GLORY IN THE WORLD'S
MISERY... AND THE
FIGHTING GOES ON
TILL EVERY HOME IS
A BATTLEFIELD!

ILLUSTRATED BY
JACK BINDER

NAZIS MASSACRE POLES
PEARL HARBOR
ATTACK
U.S. DECLARES
WAR ON AXIS

FRANCE FALLS

LONDON BOMBED

ON THE FAR EAST
THEATRE OF WAR,
CAPTAIN DAN BLAKE
COMMANDS A
COMPANY OF FIGHTING
YANKS!

HAVE YOU
FOUND IT,
CAPTAIN?

YEP!... IT'S
BEHIND THE
RISE IN THE
GROUND... A
NEST OF AT
LEAST SIX
MACHINE
GUNS.

THAT MACHINE
GUN IS HOLDING
UP OUR ENTIRE
DRIVE. I WANT THREE
VOLUNTEERS TO COME
WITH ME AND WIPE
IT OUT!

PICKING THREE
GOOD MEN, DAN
LEADS THE RAID...

WE'RE
SPOTTED!
TAKE
COVER!

I'LL
GO!



ONE MAN IS HIT!

WE'LL BE BACK
FOR YOU!

NEVER MIND
ME, CAPTAIN....
CLEAN OUT
THOSE @%
(X OF 1) JAPS!

NEARING THEIR OBJECTIVE, A SHELL
FINDS ITS MARK IN FRONT OF THEM!

OWW!

BOOM!

OHH!

CAPTAIN DAN BLAKE ALONE
SURVIVES AND GOES ON!

HE REACHES HIS OBJECTIVE
UNOBSERVED AND BLAZES
VENGEANCE AT THE FOUR
MACHINE GUNNERS!

TURN AROUND
AND TASTE
LEAD... YOU
CHILD AND
WOMEN
KILLERS!

AND HERE'S ONE
TO STUNT YOUR
GROWTH!

UGH!

CAPTAIN DAN BLAKE'S
HEROIC FEAT MADE ARMY
HISTORY. HIS BRAVERY
WAS REWARDED BY A
COMMISSION IN THE
INTERNATIONAL POLICE-
WHERE HE WAS SENT TO TRAIN
FOR THE GIGANTIC TASK OF
ENDING THIS WAR. TO HIS
AMAZEMENT, HE LEARNED
THAT THE CHURCHILL-ROOSEVELT
SEVEN-POINT PLAN FOR WORLD
PEACE WAS UNDER WAY. THE
INTERNATIONAL POLICE - A
FORCE OF MILLIONS - WAS
COMPOSED OF FREE-
THINKING DEMOCRATIC
PEOPLES FROM ALL OVER
THE WORLD!

HIS CLOSE FRIENDS DURING HIS TWO-
YEAR TRAINING PERIOD WERE MARY
NICHOLAS - A RUSSIAN NURSE, AND
CHUCK MILES - AN ENGLISH
MESSENGER BOY.

AFTER THESE TWO
YEARS OF THE HARDEST
TRAINING AN ARMY OF
MEN AND WOMEN EVER
GOT - WE'RE READY TO
GO INTO
BATTLE!

YES - A DIVISION
OF INTERNATIONAL
POLICE IS EQUAL
TO THREE
DIVISIONS OF
ANY OF THE
ENEMY'S
FORCES!

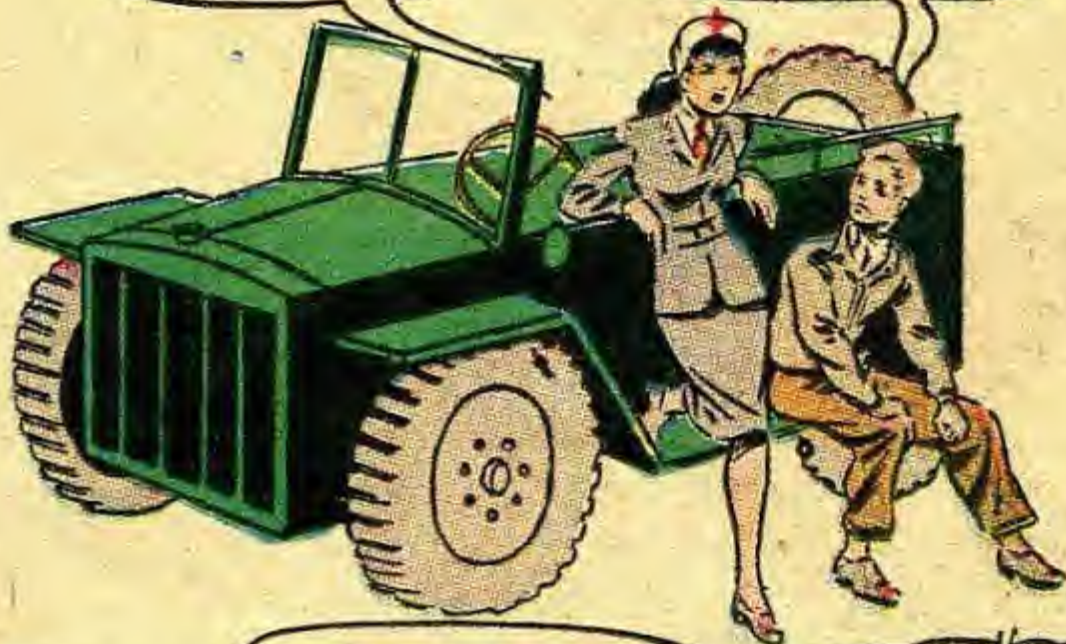


I CAN HARDLY
WAIT TO GET UP
THERE IN THE FRONT
LINE AND HAVE MY
REVENGE FOR THE
DESTRUCTION
THEY'VE RAINED
ON MY ENGLAND!



AREN'T YOU
HOMESICK FOR
ENGLAND,
CHUCK?

NO, MAM!... WE OF THE
INTERNATIONAL POLICE
CONSIDER THE WORLD
OUR HOME. THERE-
FORE I CAN'T BE
HOMESICK!



RIGHT, CHUCK... WE FORGET OUR
BIRTHPLACE TO JOIN FORCES
AND PROTECT THOSE VERY PLACES
FROM THE CURSE OF WAR!
WE'LL NEVER LET
WAR STRIKE
THIS WORLD
AGAIN!



LET'S HAVE A
PRIVATE PLEDGE
THAT WE WILL
DIE FIGHTING
FOR THAT
PRINCIPLE!

I PLEDGE MY
LIFE TO END
WAR FOREVER!..



.. AND
I!!

ON JUNE 10TH, 1944- THE ALLIED WORLD HURLED A BOMB INTO THE AXIS WORLD IN THE FORM OF A PROCLAMATION!

PROCLAMATION!

BE IT KNOWN TO ALL THAT THE SUPREME COUNCIL OF THE ALLIED NATIONS RECOGNIZES HENCEFORWARD THE FULL POWER AND AUTHORITY OF THE INTERNATIONAL POLICE WHOSE FUNCTIONS ARE AS FOLLOWS!

A. TO POLICE THE WORLD FROM THE 16TH DAY OF JUNE, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FORTY-FOUR AND ABOLISH ALL WAR FROM ITS FACE.

B. BY DILIGENT PURSUIT OF ITS DUTIES MAKE SURE THAT WAR NEVER AGAIN BREAKS OUT ANYPLACE IN THE WORLD.

C. TO TAKE CHARGE OF ANY AND ALL IMPLEMENTS OF WAR NOW OWNED BY ANY NATION. SAID IMPLEMENTS OF WAR SHALL BE FORFEITED TO THEM BEFORE MIDNIGHT OF THE 16TH DAY OF JUNE, FORTY-FOUR. ANY NATION OR NATIONS REFUSING TO SO DO SHALL BE SUMMARILY WIPED FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH.

D. TO HAVE ALLEGIANCE FOR NO SINGLE NATION! INTERNATIONAL POLICEMEN SERVE A FREE WORLD AS A WHOLE.

Signed: The Supreme Council of Allied Nations

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! IT IS MY HONOR AND PLEASURE TO BE THE FIRST TO READ TO YOU THE DEATH SENTENCE OF THE AXIS WORLD!

INTERNATIONAL POLICE ???... WHY WASN'T I TOLD ABOUT THIS?

CHILDISH PROPAGANDA... A BLUFF!

WE DON'T KNOW!...

THE MESSAGE IS SENT TO THE HIGH AXIS COMMANDS IMMEDIATELY. GENERAL TANUSU OF THE JAP ARMY GREETES IT WITH GLEE....

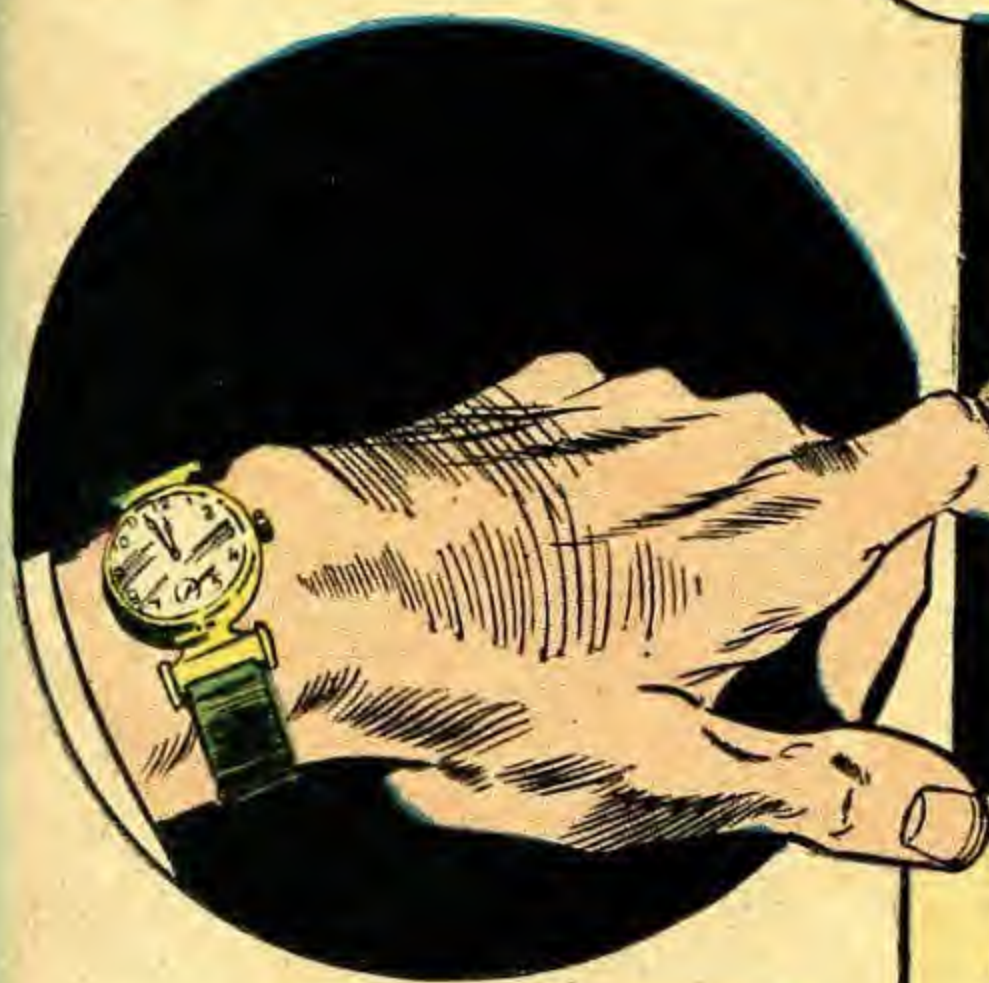
AT LAST AN ORDER TO ATTACK.... AND REGAIN OUR LOST GROUND IN CHINA!

A BLUFF, EH?... WE WILL CALL IT!.... ORDER A FULL SCALE ATTACK ON ALL FRONTS... JUNE 16TH!

THE INTERNATIONAL POLICE
BASE.... JUNE 16TH, 1944-
ONE MINUTE TO MIDNIGHT...

YOU HAVE YOUR SEALED
ORDERS, CAPTAIN BLAKE...
OPEN THEM WHEN YOU
ARE 10,000 FEET IN THE
AIR.... NOW GET READY....

READY,
SIR!



THE SIGNAL!... THE ROAR OF TUNED-
UP ENGINES!... GUSTS OF DRIVEN
WIND... AND CAPTAIN DAN BLAKE'S
SQUADRON - A COMPLETE LAND AND
AIR FIGHTING UNIT - TAKES TO THE
SKY!



AT 10,000 FEET, DAN
OPENS HIS ORDERS....



HOT DOG!... "PROCEED
TO AREA C, LAND, MAKE
CAMP AND PREPARE
FOR LAND DRIVE
AGAINST JAPANESE
FORCES"... WHAT A
BREAK-A CHANCE
TO GET AT THOSE
JAPS FIRST
CRACK!

SHORT HOURS LATER,
THE SQUADRON LANDS
AT ITS DESTINATION
THROUGH THE MORNING
MIST. WITH MOTORS CUT-
MAKING NOT A SOUND
AS THEY COME IN.....



A JAP OBSERVER
ON MORNING
PATROL



THOSE PLANES,
TANKS, TRUCKS..
MEN AND
WOMEN!...
WHERE DID THEY
COME FROM?

WE GO
BACK!...
OUR
COMMANDER
THINK US
CRAZY!

THEY'VE SEEN US,
CHUCK.... WE MUST
ATTACK IMMEDIATELY!

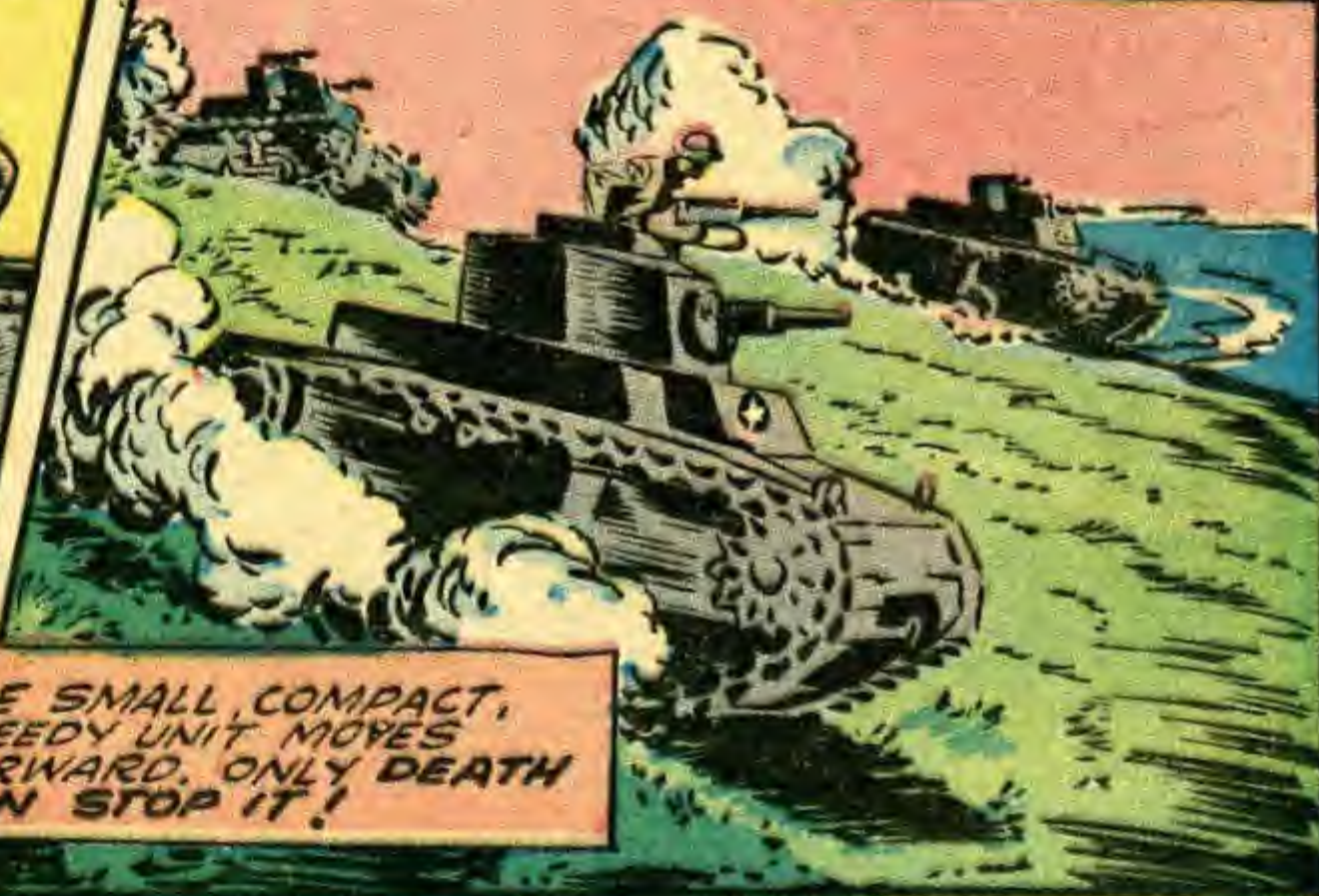


DAN GIVES
HIS ORDERS!

KEEP MOVING! STOP
FOR NOTHING... AND
POUR ON EVERY
OUNCE OF SPEED!
.. LET'S GO!



THE SMALL, COMPACT,
SPEEDY UNIT MOVES
FORWARD. ONLY DEATH
CAN STOP IT!



GENERAL!...LOOK!...
THEY ARE
ATTACKING!....

"*@*# THEY'RE TRYING
TO SPLIT OUR
LINES!... ADVANCE....
MEET THEM... REPEL
THEM!

USING "MOLOTOFFS,"
THE JAPS FEARFULLY
ADVANCE. THEIR OWN
TANK UNITS HURRIEDLY
FILL IN THE GAPS....



A JAP TANK, CLUMSILY
MANEUVERED, SMASHES
HEAD-ON INTO DAN'S
TANK....

COME ON MEN... WE'RE
STALLED AND THERE'S
FIGHTIN' TO BE
DONE OUT THERE!



JAPS WHO TAKE
AIM NEVER LIVE
TO TAKE IT AGAIN!

HERE'S A SCALP
TREATMENT ALA
INTERNATIONAL
POLICE!



A-H-H-H!





WE'RE THROUGH!...

TANK UNIT #2!...
ATTENTION.....
PROCEED WITH
LATERAL
MANUEVER!



SPLITTING AND PROCEEDING IN
OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS THE TANKS
WIDEN THE BREAK IN THE LINES!

THEY'RE
MELTING IN
FRONT OF US
LIKE HOT
BUTTER!

WE'VE GOT 'EM ALL RIGHT..
BUT... BUT... I DON'T
SEE THE REST OF THE
PORTABLE FIELD UNIT
COMING UP... I'D
BETTER GO BACK
AND INVESTIGATE!

TRUCKS BRING UP
REINFORCEMENTS....



AT THAT VERY MOMENT, THE MEDICAL AND FOOD UNITS ARE CAUGHT IN A JAP TRAP!

WE CAN'T HOLD OUT LONG, MARY.... WE'RE LOW ON AMMUNITION!

WE'LL GIVE 'EM A SNOOTFULL OF WHAT WE GOT 'FORE THEY GET US!

TAKE COVER!

COME ON, GIRLS.... LET'S GIVE 'EM A FIGHT!



YAAAAA!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!



ELLEN!... LOOK BEHIND!

NICE SHOOTIN' MARY!...



IT'S CAPTAIN DAN!... WE'RE SAVED!

AND FROM THE LOOK ON HIS FACE... I CAN TELL HIS ATTACK WAS SUCCESSFUL!



DON'T MISS NEXT MONTH'S THRILLING, ACTION PACKED, "OVER-THE-TOP" EPISODE OF CAPTAIN DAN BLAKE AND THE INTERNATIONAL POLICE! SEE THE SNEAKY JAPS CRUMBLE UNDER THE SUPER-TRAINED WORLD POLICEMEN!

The HOODED WASP

The
HOODED WASP
AND
JIM MARTIN,
HIS
PROTEGE, VA-
CATIONING IN
THE BACKWOODS,
ARE UNAWARE
THAT ADVENTURE
IS SEEKING
THEM
OUT!

ILLUSTRATED
BY JACK
BINDER

A DARING BREAK BY THREE
OF THE COUNTRY'S WORST
KILLERS SHOVS
THE WAR NEWS
TO THE BACK
PAGES!

WUXTRY!...
WUXTRY!...
READ ALL
ABOUT IT!

DAILY STAR
EXTRA!
**PRISON
BREAK!**

WITH THE HUNGRY BARK OF BLOODHOUNDS ALL AROUND
THEM, THE KILLERS HIDE IN THE SWAMPS

I TELL YUH, CRIMP-
WE'LL NEVER GET
OUTA HERE! . . .
DOSE BLOODHOUNDS
WILL SMELL US OUT!

SHUT YOUR YAP,
STINGER! . . . WHEN
IT'S DARK, WE'RE
CRASHIN' OUT IF WE
GOTTA BLAST OUR
WAY! . . . ONCE WE
MAKE DE RIVER
WE'RE SAFE!

NIGHT FALLS AND CRIMP LEADS
THE WAY TOWARD THE RIVER.
SUDDENLY . . .

A BULL AND
HIS CUR!

FEED 'EM LEAD!
... DAT'S IT!
KILL 'EM... KILL
'EM!

MINUTES LATER, THEY ARE IN
THE RIVER, FLOATING
WITH THE CURRENT . . .

LOOK, CRIMP-
DAT BOAT COMING
TOWARD US!

WHATA BREAK!...
WE'RE BOARDIN'
HER AND TAKIN'
OVER!

NOT FAR AWAY - THE HOODED WASP AND JIM MARTIN ENJOY THE PEACE AND QUIET OF THE WARM, CLEAR EVENING

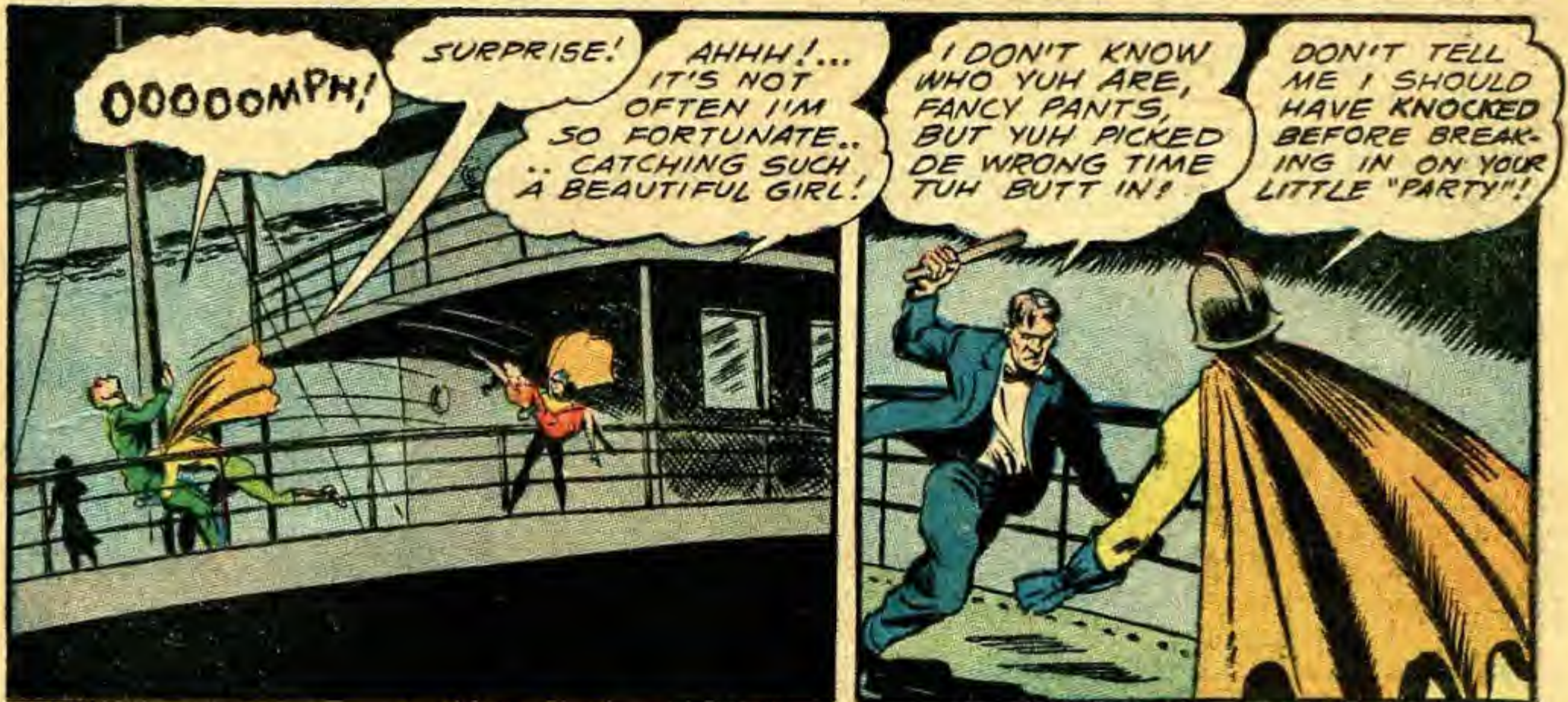


SECONDS LATER, THE WASP AND JIM ARE READY FOR ACTION!



THE BOAT CRASHES!... THE RUTHLESS KILLERS HAVE CAPTURED THE BOAT AND KILLED ITS CAPTAIN!









HOLD YOUR FIRE, WE PLUGGED 'EM DAT TIME.

YEAH, DEY WONIT GIVE US NO MORE TROUBLE!



NOW ROUND UP DE REST OF DA PASSENGERS. LOCK 'EM IN DE BALLROOM. I'M GONNA FIND DE ENGINEER AN' GET HIM TUH MOVE DIS TUB OFFA DIS ROCK.

OKAY, CRIMP.



I SAID GET INTO DAT BALLROOM!

IF YOU DIDN'T HAVE THAT GUN YOU WOULDN'T BE SO BRAVE! I DON'T EVEN THINK YOU'VE GOT...

JOHN... BE STILL... HE MIGHT



YOU ASKED FOR IT... NOW GIT IN DERE OR I'LL PLUG YUH FOR GOOD!

JOHN!

OWWWW!

BANG!



YUH CAN LOCK UP, MONK. WE GOT ALL DE LIVE ONES INSIDE!

OKAY, WE'RE READY TO SHOVE OFF! DIS RAT'S GONNA STEER DE BOAT FER US... NOTHIN' CAN STOP US NOW!



But CRIMP HAS UNDERESTIMATED THE HOODED WASP!



KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN THIS TIME, WASPLET - I DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO DRAG YOU OUT OF THE DRINK A SECOND TIME!

IS MY FACE RED!... IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN!



HIYA, JAILBIRD! ... BET YOU THOUGHT WE WERE DEAD!

HUH?... HOW IN THE ??.....



I'LL TAKE HIM HIGH....

AN' I'LL TAKE HIM LOW....

I AINT MISSIN' DIS TIME!

BANG!

BANG!



AND WE'LL LAY HIM FLAT-BEFORE US!!

O8MMMPH



TIE HIM UP! ... I GOT BUSINESS FO'ARD!

OKE - DOKE! ... I'LL TIE HIM INTO THE CUTEST LITTLE PACKAGE YOU EVER SAW!



WHAT A SMALL WORLD!!...FANCY US MEETING AGAIN SO SOON.

YIIIIIIII!... IT'S A GHOST!



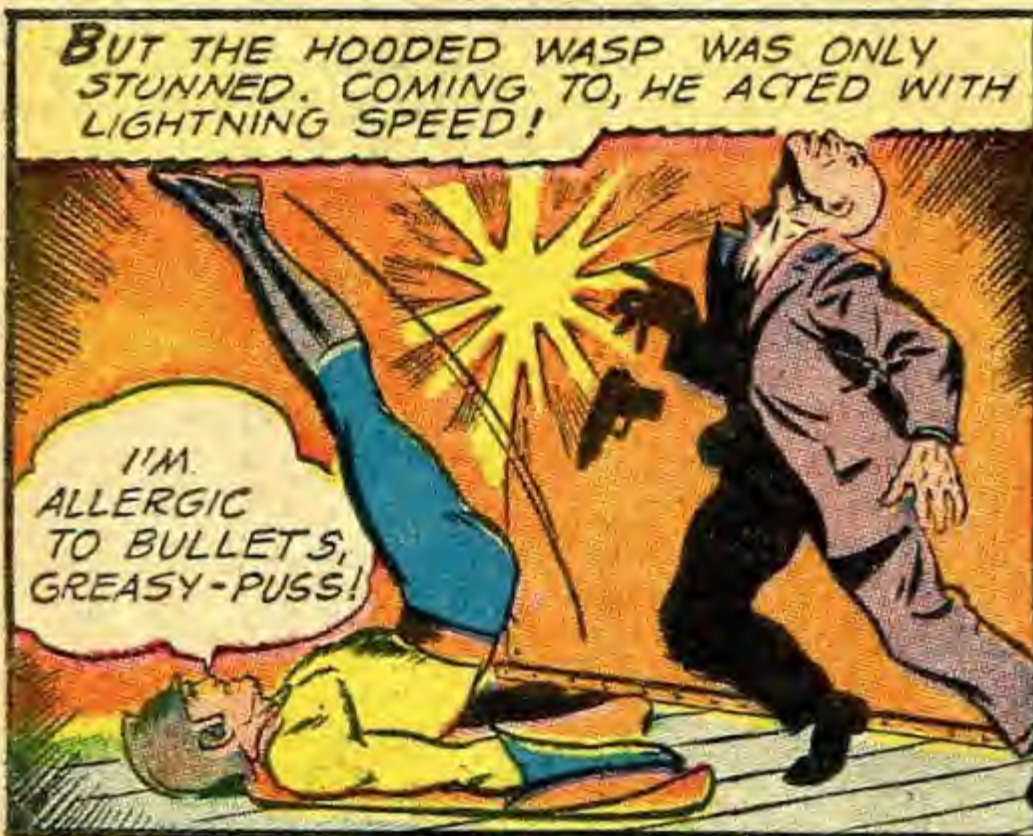


THAT'LL LEARN
YOU TUH GET IN
CRIMP'S WAY!



ONE SHOT THROUGH
THE HEART AND HE'LL
NEVER KNOW WHAT
HIT HIM... HEH-HEH!

NO... NO...
THAT'S
INHUMAN!



BUT THE HOODED WASP WAS ONLY
STUNNED. COMING TO, HE ACTED WITH
LIGHTNING SPEED!

I'M
ALLERGIC
TO BULLETS,
GREASY-PUSS!



WOW!... WHAT
DO YOU CARRY
IN THAT FIST?
T.N.T.?



THE HOODED WASP DRAGS HIS BAT-
TERED PRISONER BACK TO THE OTHERS.

HEY, WASPLET,
WHERE ARE THE
TWO RATS YOU
TIED UP?... I'VE
GOT ANOTHER WHO
SEEKS
THEIR
COMPANY!

BRING
HIM
ON!

WE FOUND
THE PERFECT
PLACE TO COOL
THEIR HOT
TEMPERS!



GLUB... GLUB...
ENOUGH!... I'VE
GLUB... HAD
ENOUGH!
HAAAAAALPPPPP
... GLUB! %\$%#
... GLUB...
GLUB... GLUB
... #\$(%&@&!

THEY'RE
GETTING ENOUGH
WATER TO LAST
'EM A LIFETIME!

JUST THINK
... THEIR PRISON
DIET FOR THE
NEXT TWO
MONTHS WILL
BE BREAD AND
WATER!

TED HUSING

COLUMBIA
BROADCASTING
SYSTEM'S
STAR SPORTS
BROADCASTER

by
THORNTON FISHER



COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM, INC.
485 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK
WICKESMAN 2-2000

February 4, 1942

OFFICE OF
TED HUSING

Dear Thornton:

I suppose it takes a broadcaster to broadcast a broadcaster. It seems to me we both hit the air at about the same time only I was doubling in brass and you were doubling with pen and India ink on the Evening World.

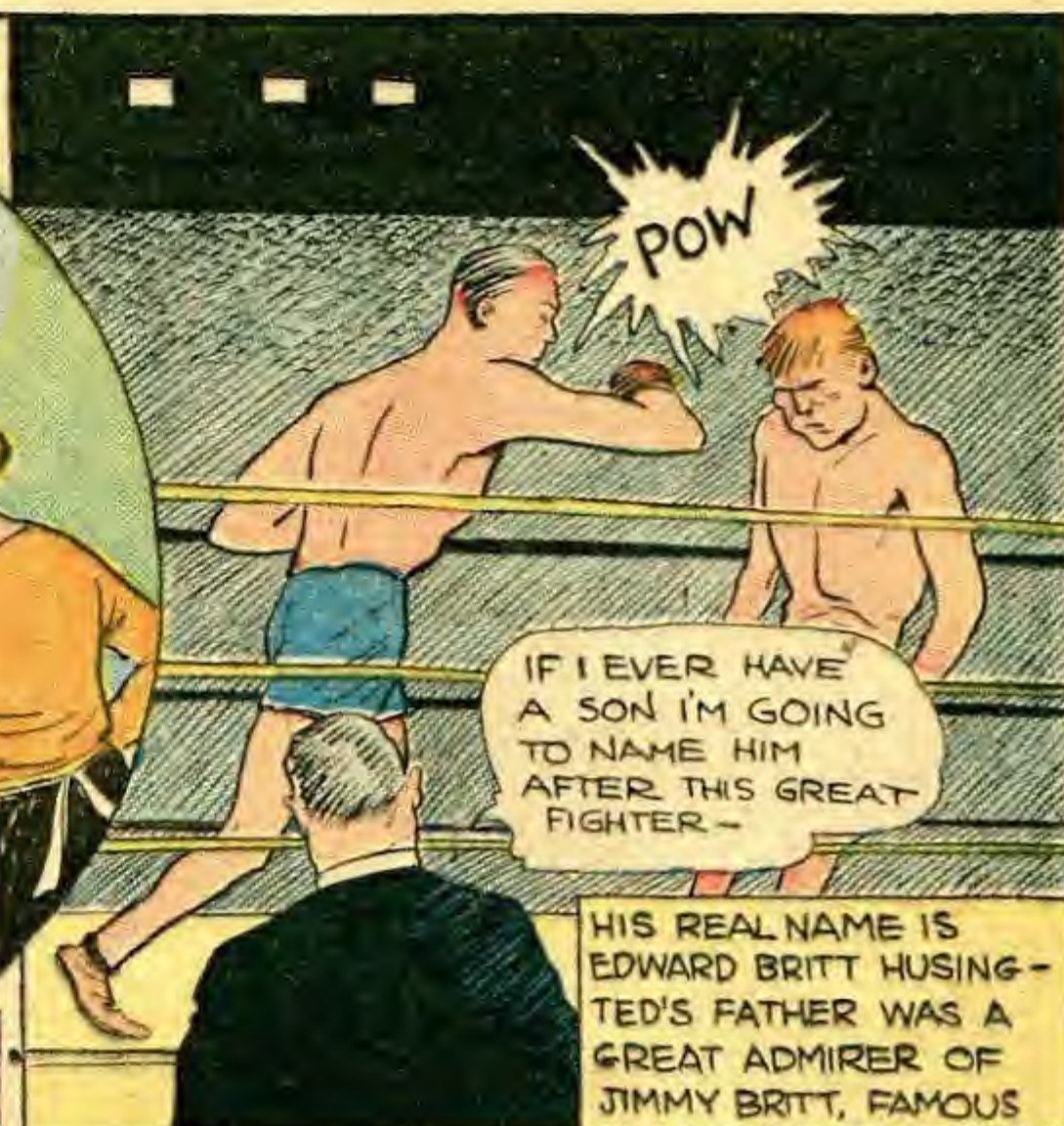
I was on WJZ in those days and you were on WEAF. It is always more satisfying to be "done" by one who knows the story from intimate association rather than by a guy who works from hearsay.

Sincerely,

Ted Husing



TED HUSING WAS BORN ON THE WEST SIDE OF NEW YORK CITY. AFTER GRAMMAR SCHOOL HE ATTENDED STUYVESANT HIGH SCHOOL AND THEN TRANSFERRED TO COMMERCIAL HIGH - BUT TED LOVED ADVENTURE....



HIS REAL NAME IS EDWARD BRITT HUSING - TED'S FATHER WAS A GREAT ADMIRER OF JIMMY BRITT, FAMOUS OLD TIME PRIZEFIGHTER THUS THE NAME BRITT -



AFTER HIS HIGH SCHOOL DAYS TED PLAYED SEMI-PRO BASEBALL - SOME DAY HE MIGHT BECOME ANOTHER BABE RUTH!



HOWEVER, THE AVIATION BUG STUNG HIM - HE'D BE IN THE AIR INSTEAD OF ON IT - SO HE TOOK FLYING LESSONS -



HAVING LEARNED HOW TO TAKE OFF AND LAND PROPERLY, TED RECEIVED HIS PILOT'S LICENSE FROM THE OLD AERO CLUB -



THE EARTH
JUST CAME
UP AND
SLAPPED ME-

SOME OF TED'S LANDINGS WERE NOT
SO HAPPY- ON HIS OWN ADMISSION HE
SAYS THAT THE PLANES HE FLEW
TOOK A LOT OF PUNISHMENT-



YOU CAN HAVE
A BE-OOO-TIFUL
HOME RIGHT HERE
ON THE WATER FOR
ONLY \$75,000-

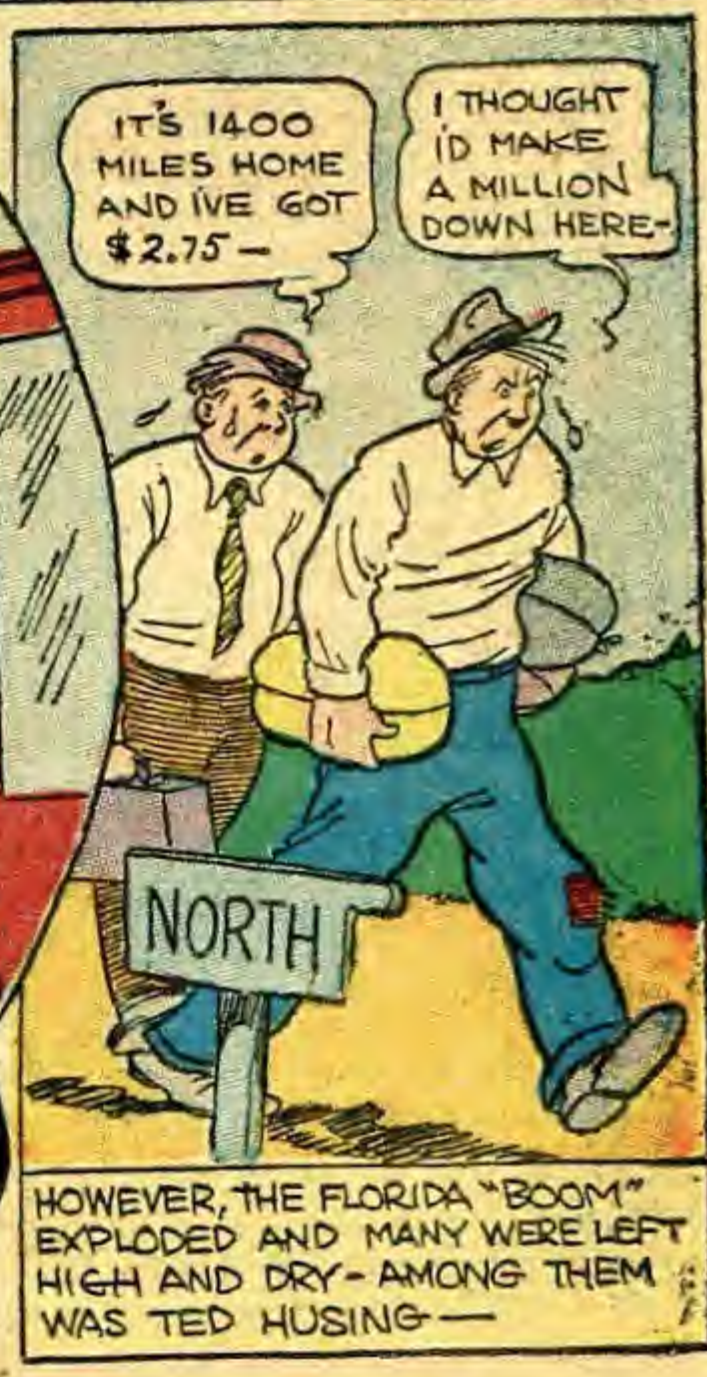
THUS, AVIATION LOST
WHAT MIGHT HAVE PROVED
A PILOT OF SORTS. THEN
YOUNG HUSING HEARD
ABOUT THE FLORIDA REAL
ESTATE BOOM-FORTUNES
WERE BEING MADE OVER
NIGHT...



PLEASE, MISTER
HUSING, SELL ME
THAT PLOT FOR
\$100,000 -

SORRY-BUT
I WOULDN'T SELL
MY OWN COUSIN
THAT LAND FOR
LESS THAN
\$250,000-

HE WENT TO FLORIDA TO
CUT IN ON THIS REAL
ESTATE SELLING - IT
LOOKED EASY AND PROMISED
BIG PROFITS - OTHERS
WERE DOING IT -



IT'S 1400
MILES HOME
AND I'VE GOT
\$2.75 -

I THOUGHT
I'D MAKE
A MILLION
DOWN HERE-

HOWEVER, THE FLORIDA "BOOM"
EXPLODED AND MANY WERE LEFT
HIGH AND DRY- AMONG THEM
WAS TED HUSING-

SINCE THOSE
EARLY DAYS FLORIDA
HAS BECOME A
SUCCESSFUL STATE
OF SOUND REAL-
ESTATE VALUES,
BEAUTIFUL HOMES
AND EXTENSIVE
INDUSTRY

HUNH! WANTED-A
RADIO ANNOUNCER -
DOESN'T SAY WHO WANTS
HIM- A "BLIND" AD - I'LL
TAKE A CHANCE AND
APPLY-

HUSING RETURNED TO
NEW YORK IN A DIRTY
WHITE SUIT AND NEEDING
A JOB, LOOKED THROUGH
THE WANT ADS OF THE
NEW YORK TIMES -

WJZ!!
SOUNDS LIKE
THE ALPHABET-



TED WROTE THE ADVERTISER AND
RECEIVED A REPLY FROM RADIO STATION WJZ
TO APPEAR FOR A VOICE AUDITION -

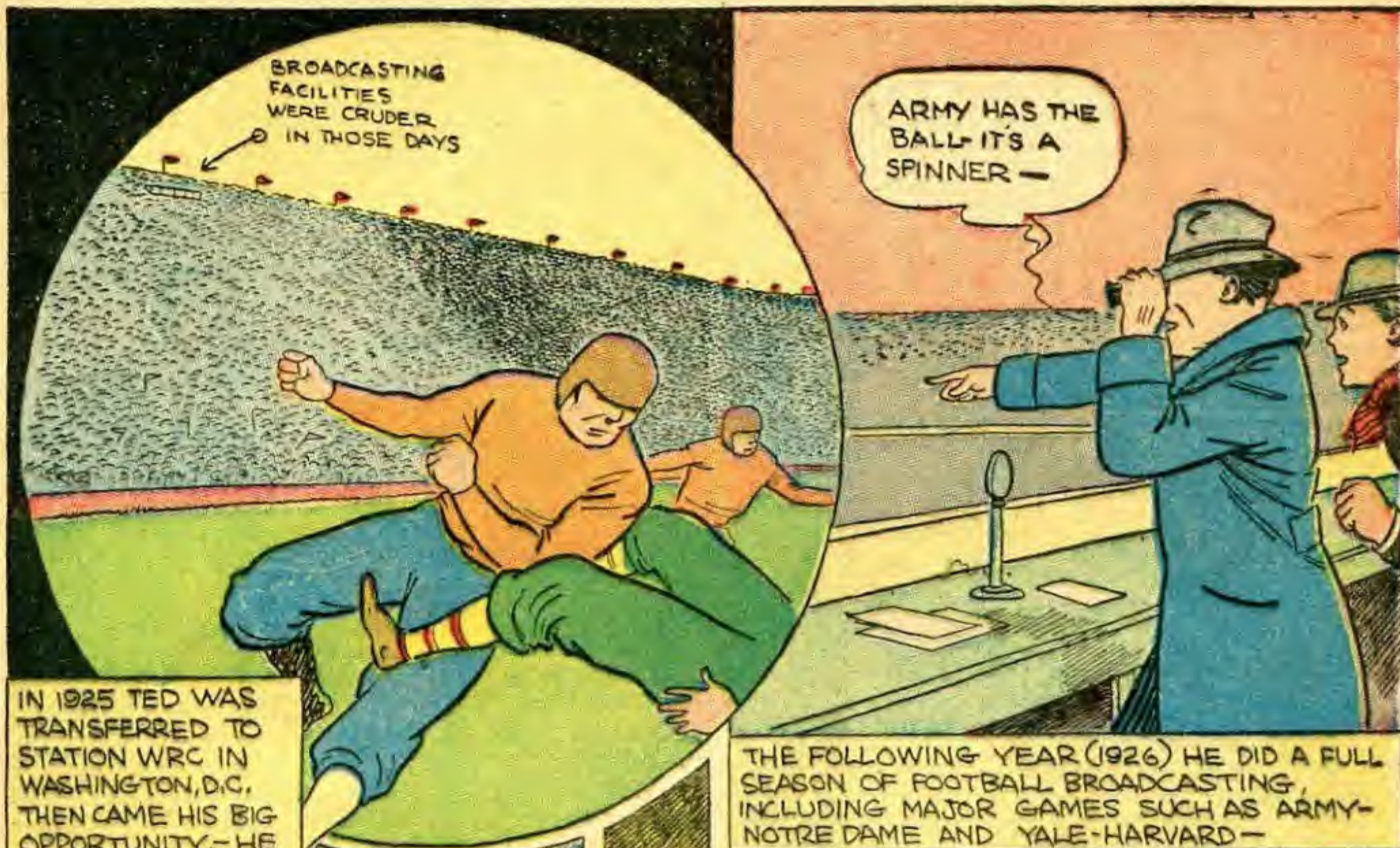
AUDITION
STUDIO



YOUNG MR. HUSING WAS AMAZED TO FIND THAT
ONLY 611 OTHER FELLOWS WANTED THAT AN-
NOUNCING JOB. FEW PERSONS EVEN THOUGHT ABOUT
ANNOUNCING AS A PERMANENT VOCATION -



THEN TED TOOK HIS AUDITION TEST -
HE SAYS, "I COULD TALK LONGER AND
LOUDER THAN ANY OF THE OTHER
BOYS!" HE GOT THE JOB (SEPT., 1924)



IN 1925 TED WAS TRANSFERRED TO STATION WRC IN WASHINGTON, D.C. THEN CAME HIS BIG OPPORTUNITY. - HE BROADCAST HIS FIRST FOOTBALL GAME - IT WAS THE DAY WHEN PENN TROUNCED CORNELL - HE IMMEDIATELY CLICKED WITH THE PUBLIC!

THE FOLLOWING YEAR (1926) HE DID A FULL SEASON OF FOOTBALL BROADCASTING, INCLUDING MAJOR GAMES SUCH AS ARMY-NOTRE DAME AND YALE-HARVARD -



RENOUNCING ANNOUNCING FOR A TIME, TED WENT TO BOSTON TO START A NEW RADIO STATION CONNECTED WITH A BOSTON NEWSPAPER - HIS JOB WAS TO SELL AIR TIME TO PROSPECTIVE SPONSORS -

HE HAS COVERED 8 KENTUCKY DERBYS! THREE MONTHS BEFORE THE 1938 DERBY TED PICKED LAWRIAN A 30 TO 1 OUTSIDER TO WIN AGAINST THE FAVORITE FIGHTING FOX-HUSING. GOT THE HORSE LAUGH BUT HE HAD THE SATISFACTION OF BROADCASTING THE VICTORY OF LAWRIAN!

-AND IT'S LAWRIAN FIRST ACROSS THE WIRE- LAWRIAN WINS THE DERBY-

LAWRIAN!



TED, HAVE YOU SEEN MY BROTHER? AW, YOU'RE ALWAYS KIDDING-

NO, GRACIE, I'VE NEVER SEEN YOUR BROTHER-

HE HAS BEEN FEATURE ANNOUNCER ON MANY PROGRAMS STARRING SUCH SHOW FOLKS AS BURNS AND ALLEN AND JULIA SANDERSON AND FRANK CRUMIT



TED HUSING C.B.S.

IN MANY STADIUMS INCLUDING THE ORANGE BOWL AT MIAMI, FLA., HIS NAME ALONG WITH CBS IS PAINTED ON THE BROADCASTING BOOTH-

HE'S THIN ENOUGH TO MAKE A FINE TRACK MAN SOME DAY- A GOOD RUNNER-

HEIL ME!!



TED WENT TO GERMANY IN 1936 TO REPORT THE BERLIN OLYMPICS -

THERE'S A GREAT BROKEN FIELD RUNNER, JIMMY-SLIPPERY AS AN EEL-



BEFORE EACH GAME HE BROADCASTS, TED VISITS THE TEAMS TO ACQUAINT HIMSELF WITH THEIR STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS.

THE ART OF GOOD VISUAL REPORTING -

ZIPPER SMITH IS GOING THROUGH TACKLE-AND IT'S GOOD FOR SEVEN YARDS



HE CAN SENSE EACH PLAY BEFORE THE BALL IS PUT IN MOTION-SUPERLATIVE BROADCASTING!

A RECORD TO SHOOT AT!

- 240 FOOTBALL GAMES
- FIGHTS
- TRACK MEETS
- CREW RACES
- TENNIS MATCHES
- POLO GAMES
- GOLF CHAMPIONSHIPS
- HORSE RACES
- AUTO RACES

THORNTON FISHER

ROOKIE COURAGE

by ED GRUSKIN

FLIP heard the bugle sound reveille in the distance. He sat up, flicked the hay out of his hair, wide awake—bubbling with excitement.

"Come on, Turk! Get up!" he cried, shaking the tousled figure. "In a little while we're gonna be part o' the U. S. Army!"

"Boy—oh—boy!" shouted Flip, leaping into the air like a wild Indian. "I feel like I could whip the Nazi and Jap armies together with one hand tied behind my back!"

"I feel like I could lick a mess o' ham an' eggs," retorted Turk practically. "If we're gonna be in the Army we better feed our stomachs, 'cause that's what my dad says armies fight on!"

"Oh, we'll find a farm up the way an' buy some breakfast. I've still got forty cents."

After hiking for twenty minutes and passing only a couple of deserted farmhouses, a vague feeling of uneasiness settled over both boys. Glancing about, it suddenly occurred to them, they hadn't passed one living thing the whole time. Not even a chicken!

"Do you think, maybe, a tornado passed here, Flip?"

Flip didn't answer for at that moment his eyes were riveted on something half buried in the road ahead. Turk spotted it, too, stopped stark still, his eyes bulging.

It was an unexploded shell.

"How . . . how d-do y-you s-suppose that g-got there, Turk?"

There was no need for Turk to answer, nor even use his imagination. A distant boom followed seconds later by a shrill, loud wheeeeeeeeee sound was answer enough. A shell hurtled overhead! The boys automatically threw themselves to the ground and clutched each other.

POWWWWW!

Five hundred yards beyond, it hit the ground, exploded and sent up a geyser of earth.

Flip let out one yelp, leaped to his feet, and streaked down the road. Turk was but inches behind him eating his dust. Intuitively, they circled the unexploded shell protruding so menacingly in the center of the road.

"F-Flip . . . do-do y-you know wh-where w-we are?" chattered Turk, his teeth rattling together.

"I-I th-think s-so—"

Turk gulped and whispered hoarsely: "It's th-the—target range!"

Flip's whitewash color took a sudden turn toward green at this confirmation of his worst fear.

"Th-that's what I th-thought! Wh-what are we . . . g-gonna do?"

"I'm gonna run!" answered Turk, getting to his feet and shooting away with all the speed his legs could muster. This time Flip followed in *his* dust.

They hadn't run far when another sickening explosion sent them tumbling into the muddy ditch at the side of the road. Shivering, they peered over the edge to look back at the fresh hole. Their stomachs did nip-ups and they sank back, swallowing hard. Mud and dirt showered down on them. *That* shell had burst almost on the exact spot where they had been lying!

"Just think," muttered Flip, "if we had stayed there—"

Turk shuddered and got to his feet. Suddenly, he got an idea. "Maybe if we tied a handkerchief to a stick and waved it, they'd see it!"

Flip's expression became almost hopeful. "I got a better idea—we'll use my shirt!"

"We better keep running while we get it rigged or one o' those shells'll find us!" warned Turk.

Sergeant Milligan, target scorer on Range Two, almost dropped his field glasses when he spotted the moving white flag on the range and a second later saw a shell burst not one hundred and fifty yards behind it. The flag dipped, disappeared for a second and then soared back into view, whizzing down the ditch as though carried by a phantom.

"Cease fire!" he roared into the field phone. "Somethin's movin' on the range!"

Milligan dipped a hand into his pocket and pulled out a big red bandanna handkerchief to mop sudden sweat from his forehead.

"Milligan!" boomed a voice back at him.

through the phone.

"Yis, sor!" answered Milligan sharply. It was the voice of Colonel Welks, his superior in command.

"What's this rot about something moving on the range?"

"It's a fact, sor. I kin see it with me own eyes right now whilst I'm talkin' with yese!"

"Well, get 'em out of there and bring 'em to me! Of all the dumb—" Milligan pulled the plug connecting him with Colonel Welks and plugged in to Emergency. The line was busy. He suddenly remembered that a tank unit was just on the other side of the hill. He plugged in their field phone, told them of the trouble.

Two tanks immediately roared up the hill toward the valley where Flip and Turk were loose.

"Flip! The guns have stopped!"

"They musta seen us!"

The boys grabbed each other and began dancing and tumbling around in the ditch, half laughing, half crying. A voice boomed down at them from a loudspeaker set up in the hills.

"Hey you, down there! Come out of that ditch and get up on the road where we can see you!"

Flip and Turk scrambled out and began waving their arms.

"Stay where you are. **YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!**"

"Arrest?" echoed Flip. He dropped his arms and looked at Turk.

"That's what I thought he said, too," gulped the younger boy.

"G-gosh . . . this is worse than bein' shelled!"

They stood helplessly in the middle of the road, feeling as though a thousand unseen eyes were gazing down at them. They tried to see something up in the hills, across the wide fields, but there wasn't a being in sight. Uncomfortably, they started to move down the road.

"**STAND WHERE YOU ARE!**" thundered the loudspeaker voice. "One more move and we'll drop a shell at your feet!"

They froze in their steps.

"N-now wh-what?" stuttered Turk.

"I wish I was home . . . I wish I'd never got this crazy idea!" muttered Flip. "If this is the way they treat a couple o' volunteer soldiers I don't wanna join their ole army!"

"Maybe they think we're a couple o' spies!"

Flip's eyes opened wide, an almost pleased expression crossed his face. "Wow! I never thought o' that! Just think—*takin' us for spies!*"

"I don't see what you're so happy about," grunted Turk. "The Army shoots spies in time of war . . . and we're at war!"

Flip's answer was a choked: "Gulp!" The romance of being taken for a spy had suddenly gone sour.

The horrible seriousness of their plight hit them with full force when the roar of the two tanks cut the deathly stillness. Their eyes picked up the tanks, sliding and speeding down the hill under full power. They hit the road with a bounce, their caterpillar treads dug in and sent them roaring down on the boys like hungry, furious dragons.

A goggled, helmeted figure popped out of the turret of the first tank, as it slid to a stop. Another similarly clad figure popped from the second.

"W-we sur-surrender," said Flip in a small voice as he raised his hands. Turk followed his buddy's example.

The man in the first tank passed his hand across his mouth to hide a merry twitch. "Toss your *guns* up here one at a time," he ordered. "An' keep reachin'!"

"Guns?" Flip shook his head. "We don't have any!"

"No guns?" The soldier shook his head sadly and winked at the man in the other tank. "That's bad," he continued. "I thought you were dangerous spies trying to sabotage our target range."

"Oh, no, sir," shouted Turk, shaking his head violently. "We're just a couple o' kids . . . I mean **MEN** on our way to enlist in the Army!"

Flip nodded in confirmation. "That's right! We got lost in the rainstorm last night and got off the main road. We just stumbled on the target range accidentally!"

"We're not dangerous—*honest!*" assured Turk.

"That remains to be seen," said the soldier ominously, and jerked his thumb. "Hop in—one in each tank."

The thrilling ride out of the valley—the valley which had almost been their "Valley of Death"—made up for all the discomfort and scares they had experienced in the past half-hour.

They were even too excited to mind the stern, leather-faced Colonel's anger when they were brought before him at headquarters.

"You know you're lucky to be alive!" growled the Colonel, pounding a big fist on his desk.

"Yes, sir," Flip grinned. "We sure are!"

"And you know what I ought to do with you?" asked the Colonel in a steel-edged voice. "I ought to put you in chains, on bread and water!"

"Y-yes, s-sir . . . I mean . . . oh, no, sir!" exclaimed Flip.

A ghost of a smile crossed the rugged Colonel's face but was quickly lost in the weather-beaten lines.

"So you want to be soldiers? How old are you?"

Flip cleared his throat and answered in a deep growl, "Eighteen, sir."

The Colonel's eyes snapped wide and peered accusingly into Flip's. Turk yanked Flip's leg desperately.

"I-I mean we're . . . seventeen!"

The Colonel's eyes didn't move. They kept boring into Flip's.

"Well, to tell you the truth, sir . . . we're . . . well—"

"Yes?"

"I'm fourteen and he's thirteen, sir." Tears came into Flip's eyes as he returned the Colonel's gaze steadily. "But we can fight, sir! . . . We wanta fight for our country. We're strong, sir. . . . Give us a chance!"

The Colonel's gruff face softened. He slowly got up, walked around his desk and placed his arms around their shoulders. Then he began to talk softly about the war and their place in it—the place of every American boy and girl. And as he talked, Flip and Turk began to see and understand things they hadn't before. They learned that the war in the skies,

on the seas, in the trenches was only half the battle.

"Right in your own home town this war is being fought," continued the Colonel, "in the factories, on the farms, in the mines, in the homes and in the schools. And your fight for the next few years is there, in the schools—to study hard and get the best education possible!"

The boys' faces dropped. What did school have to do with fighting a war, anyway?—their expressions seemed to say. Noting this, the Colonel went on to explain:

"When this war is over, you will be men. You and every American boy and girl will be the new *leaders* of a new world. Only if you have the *knowledge* will you be able to take up the battle we have won to *build* and *lead* free nations all over the Earth!"

"G-gosh!" breathed Turk. "We gotta big job on our hands when those Nazis and Japs are licked!"

"Why, it's just as important as fighting and winning the war!" put in Flip.

The Colonel nodded and led them outside toward a waiting Army truck. "This truck is going by Gainesville, your home. Want a lift?"

"I'll say we do!" chorused the boys, hopping in beside the driver.

As the truck pulled away, Flip leaned out the window and called back to the Colonel: "Thanks for everything, sir! And when the war's over—don't worry—we'll be ready to start buildin' those free nations!"

The Colonel smiled and waved. He watched the truck until it disappeared around a bend. "I hope every American boy and girl is getting ready, Flip," he muttered to himself. "They're going to need *education* and *knowledge* more than any generation this World has ever known!"

THE END.



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Contains 20 pages of illustrations showing and fully describing exercises that will quickly develop, and make you gain strength in your Shoulders, Arms, Wrists, Hands and Fingers. This is really a valuable course of exercises, without apparatus.

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The SHADOW

AND THE TWO GRAY GHOSTS

A STRANGE, EERIE MENACE HAUNTS THE HOME OF MARTIN DEBROSSLER. IS THIS MYSTERIOUS FIGURE A SPECTER FROM THE UNCANNY REALM OF THE OCCULT? HOW CAN THIS SPOOKY PHANTOM OF THE NIGHT BE BROUGHT TO JUSTICE? ONLY THE SHADOW KNOWS! AND EVEN HE IS BAFFLED AS HE COMES UP AGAINST THE ENIGMA OF THE GRAY GHOST!



THEY MEET THE POLICE COMMISSIONER.



SO YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS, MARGO?

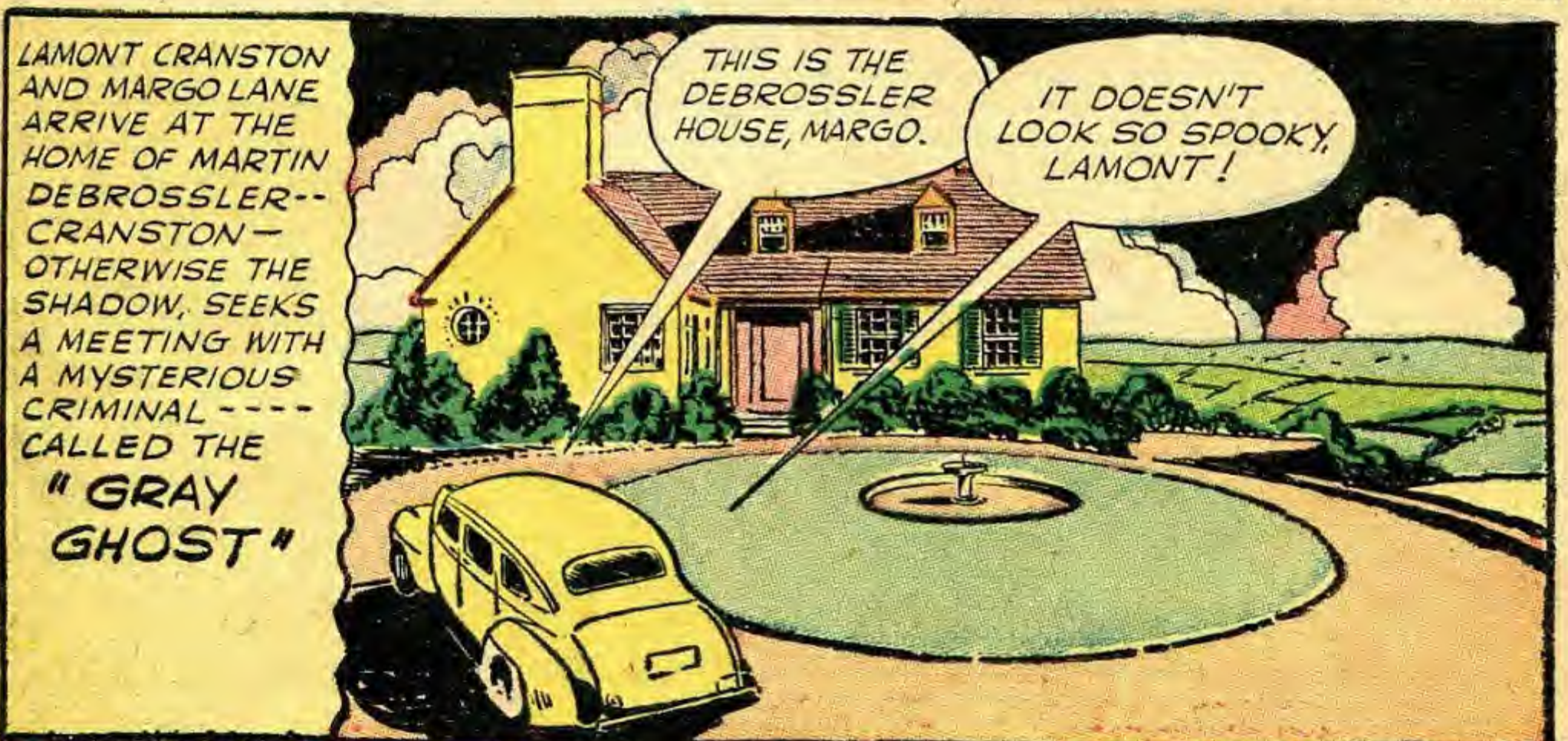
NOT AFTER SEEING PROFESSOR SCORPIO FAKE THEM!



WHAT'S COOKING COMMISSIONER?

I WANT TO TALK TO YOU, CRANSTON, ABOUT A GHOST!!

OH!
OH!





HELLO, COMMISSIONER.
YES, THIS IS MISS
LANE --- NO - WE
HAVEN'T SEEN THE
GRAY GHOST ---
IN FACT ---



LATER,
MARGO PHONES

I DON'T BELIEVE
THERE IS A
GRAY GHOST!



THE
GRAY
GHOST!

STAY WHERE YOU
ARE! AFTER I TAKE
THE JEWELS ---



BEFORE YOU TAKE THEM
YOU WILL HAVE TO OPEN
THE SAFE. THERE WON'T
BE TIME FOR THAT
MR. GHOST!

THE
SHADOW!



TRY SHOOTING
SHADOW-- AND
SEE WHO
GETS HIT!



AND THE GRAY GHOST RUSHES
FROM THE HOUSE!!

BUT IS RELENTLESSLY PURSUED BY
THE SHADOW!

THE
GRAY
GHOST!



THERE'S THE
SHADOW, OVER-
TAKING THE
GRAY GHOST!

WITH THE SERVANTS
HELPING! THE GHOST
CAN'T POSSIBLY
GET AWAY!!



THE GRAY GHOST DIVES INTO THE SHRUBBERY!



THE SERVANTS ARE GRABBING THE SHADOW BY MISTAKE!

THEY THINK HE'S THE GRAY GHOST THEY HAVE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT !!



SORRY, EVERYBODY! I STILL WANT TO FIND THAT GHOST!



COMMISSIONER WESTON!!

MISS LANE! WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING HERE?



LET ME INTRODUCE ALAN REETH AND PERCY GILDEN. THEY ALMOST CAUGHT THE GHOST!

ALMOST ISN'T ENOUGH! I'D BETTER TALK TO MR. DEBROSSLER!



THE GEMS ARE STILL HERE, COMMISSIONER!

THAT'S GOOD, DEBROSSLER!

BY THE WAY, MARGO, WHERE'S CRANSTON?

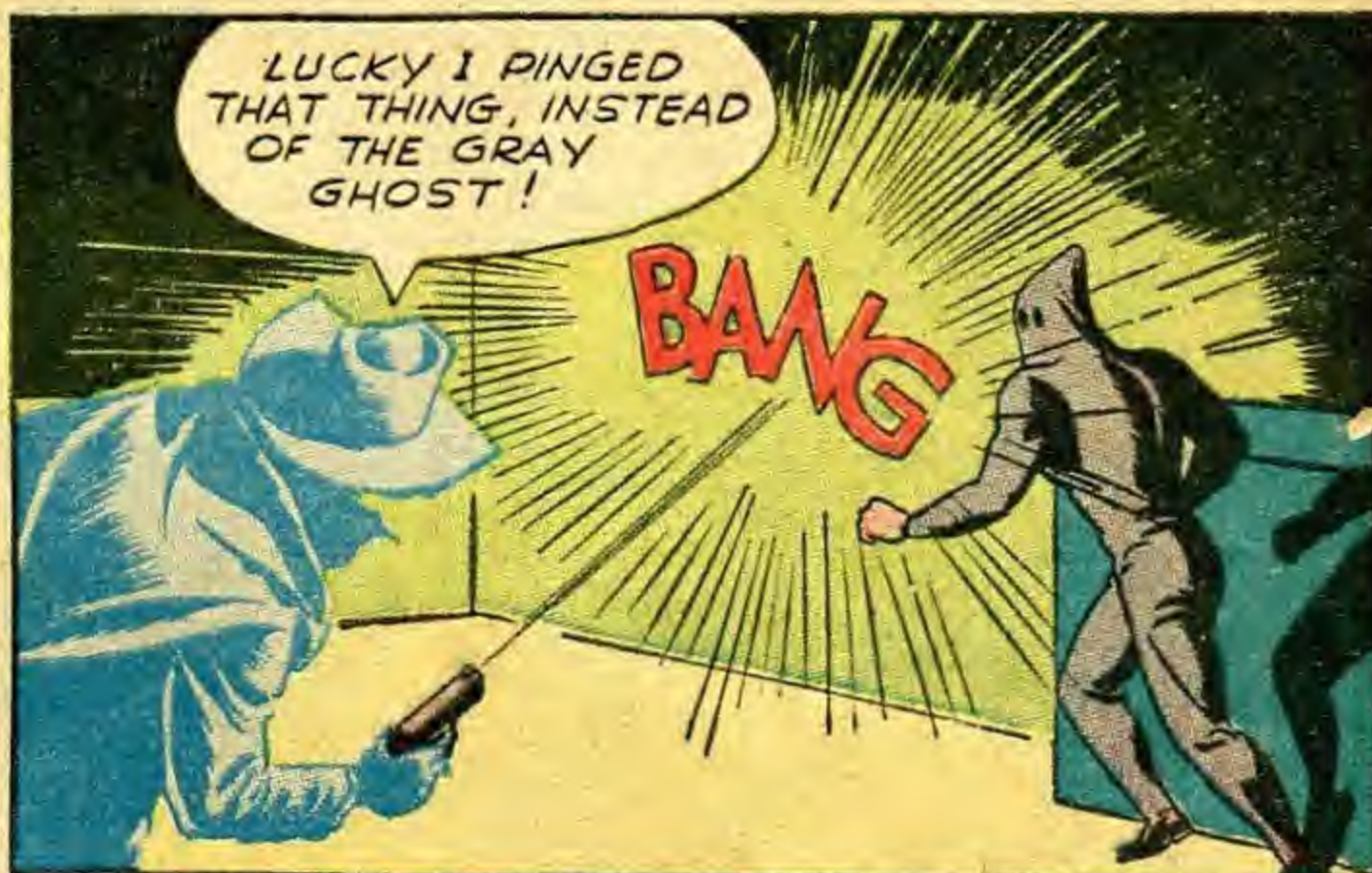
WHY--WHY!







THE SHADOW HAS TRAPPED THE GRAY GHOST AS HE TRIES TO STEAL THE GEMS FROM THE SAFE.











Blackstone

WORLD'S
GREATEST
MAGICIAN



YOU CERTAINLY
FOOLED HAROLD,
WHEN YOU PRETENDED
TO CHOP MY HEAD OFF
WITHOUT HURTING ME!

YES, IT WAS
A GOOD TRICK,
BUT IT'S
PRODUCING
COMPLICATIONS!

ON THE ISLAND
OF SALAMBA, **BLACK-
STONE** AND **RHODA
BRENT** ARE LIVING IN
THE SULTAN'S PALACE
WHILE **BLACKSTONE** SEEKS
A WAY TO COPE WITH RE-
BELLIOUS HEAD-HUNTERS
WHO HAVE BEEN STIRRED
TO STRIFE BY **HAROLD**
THE WAZIR, THE SUL-
TAN'S RIGHT HAND
(AND UNDERHAND!)
MAN!!!





HERE COMES HAROUD NOW. GET OUT OF SIGHT, RHODA, AND BRING ME A SEWING KIT.

A SEWING KIT?



HELLO, BLACKSTONE. THESE GUARDS THINK THAT SINCE YOU CHOPPED OFF A GIRL'S HEAD WITHOUT HURTING HER, THEY MIGHT TRY THE SAME WITH YOU.

SORRY, HAROUD. THEY COULDN'T CHOP CLEAN ENOUGH.



THEY ARE THE BEST SWORDSMEN IN THE SULTAN'S DOMAIN!

VERY WELL, I'LL LET ONE OF THEM TRY IT. BUT I'LL HAVE TO MARK THE EXACT SPOT ON MY NECK.



THIS APPLE WILL DO FOR A MARKER. WAIT HERE WHILE I GET MY OWN SWORD.

VERY WELL, BLACKSTONE. WE'LL WAIT.



WHY ARE YOU PUTTING A DARNING NEEDLE IN THE APPLE?

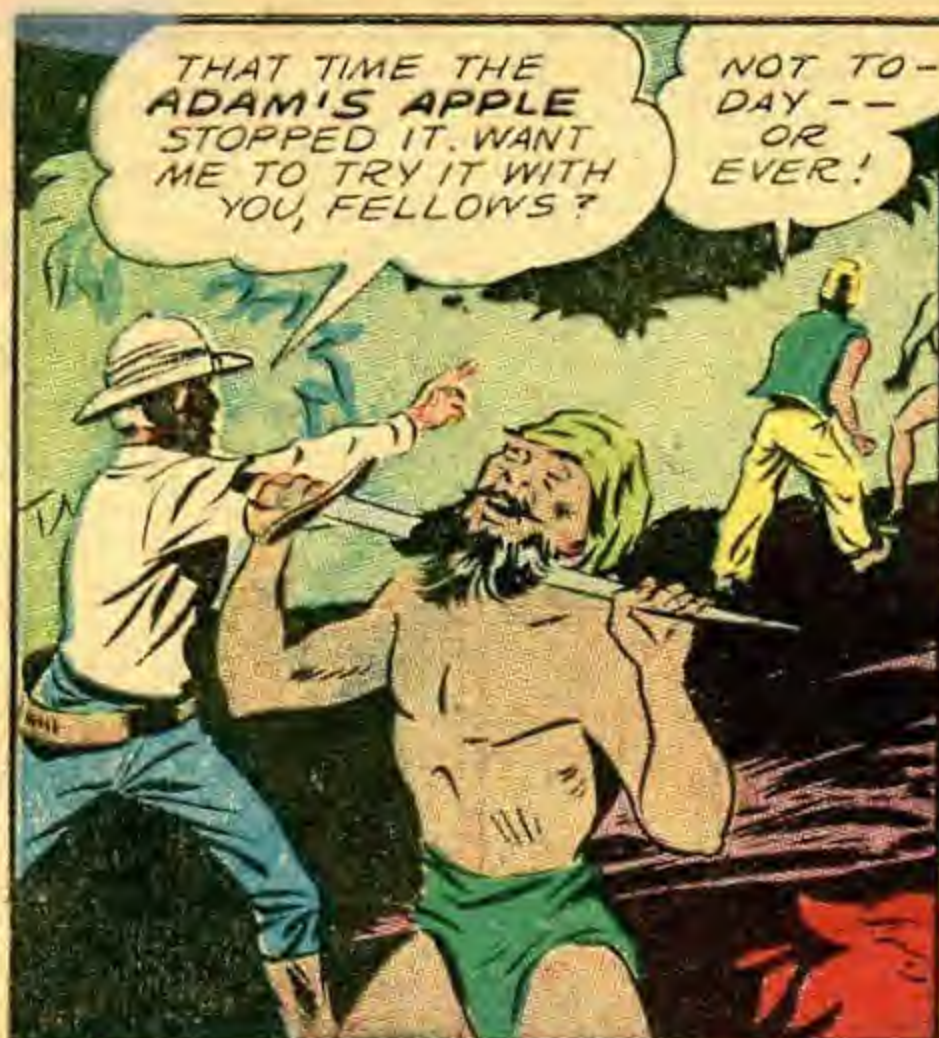
I'M GOING TO DUPLICATE A STUNT I DID IN EGYPT, BEFORE I MET YOU, RHODA.



MY MAN PREFERS TO USE HIS OWN SWORD, BLACKSTONE!

VERY WELL. I'LL RESERVE MINE FOR THE RETURN STROKE TO WHICH I'LL BE ENTITLED!







THE BRAVEST OF THEM ALL!

HE EATS FLAME!

HE CRASHES THROUGH STONE WALLS!

HE DEVOURS HIS ENEMIES!

**HE FLIES THROUGH THE AIR WITH
THE GREATEST OF EASE!**

(At least he thinks he does.)

He's SUPERSNIPE—the newest, greatest comic
hero of them all.

He's got a magazine of his own—and don't forget—
SUPERSNIPE is the boy who reads the most
comic books in America.

Follow his daring exploits in the only comic
book with a sense of humor!

SUPERSNIPE

ON SALE JULY 14th

10c A COPY

AT ALL NEWSSTANDS IN THE UNITED STATES

PRESENTING the New DAISY DEFENDER

1000-SHOT MILITARY MODEL

Daisy proudly announces the wonderful new DAISY DEFENDER... 1000-shot Military Style air rifle every boy wants! And—the safest air rifle in the world. Cock the DEFENDER—that Special Bolt Action automatically locks trigger "On Safety." You must release the Safety Bolt before you can shoot. This new DAISY DEFENDER looks, feels, handles like a real Army rifle. The 36-inch military gun sling is adjustable. Use it to carry gun slung on shoulder or across back, leaving both hands free—also to steady your aim in firing. The Elevation-Windage Adjusters on Rear Sight permit movement of sight to left or right and up or down—to compensate for cross-winds and control the trajectory of your shots. The OVAL stock is strictly Army style as is the full-length wooden fore-end. But—get your own Daisy Defender and see for yourself! Buy it at your nearest hardware, sports goods or department store. If your Dealer hasn't it, or no Dealer is near, send us only \$5.00—we'll rush your DEFENDER to you post-paid! (Duty added in Canada.)

IN THIS
BEAUTIFUL
CARTON

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